

me and my husband

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me and my husband

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

It is without a doubt that Dream and George really do want to see each other to the point of desperation. COVID-19 seems not to be letting down at all, further insisting the travel ban for the next year or two, which means they will not meet for a long long time.

That is, unless, they plan a marriage for the visa, and marriage for the visa technically counts as marriage fraud: a five-year felony. They've joked about it quite a few times, but with the final conclusion that they'll never meet without it, the suggestion is very tempting.

But is it really all just for the visa? The lines are too blurry to tell.

Notes

i listened to 'me and my husband' and started to growl

also! updates every week/week and a half. i dont have an exact planned schedule but that's what i'm shooting for!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

i steal a few breaths from the world for a minute

Chapter Summary

song - me and my husband (obviously)

“Oh, yeah, George was trying to get me to marry him the other day. He was, like, talking about all the benefits if I married him, like actually . Like, I’m not even kidding,” Dream brings up suddenly.

George is having none of it, “Well... this is just... okay... now it sounds weird—”

Or at least, he tries.

“Well, Skeppy brought it up and you were saying, like, ‘Yeah, like, yeah, I wanna marry you. Dream, marry me.’ And I was like, what?”

“Well, he was saying that it might be hard for me to get a Visa to go to America, and I was like ‘You can just marry me, right?’ and then...” George bursts out in a nervous laughter at the ridiculous, delirious thought, “It was—it was just—”

“And then you were begging me for like fifteen minutes about how like ‘C’mon it’s actually a good idea, like, marry me, like we could get married’ and we would—we can get married—he’s like, ‘If you wanna actually marry someone else then maybe we can like get a divorce, but we could just—you could just marry me.’”

George sighs, “Oh my God... You make me sound weird, now. It was becau—”

“Well, that’s what happened. I’m just talking about what happened.”

George smiles awkwardly, “Okay, anyway...”

The stream continued without further talk of such a future.

Dream idly hops around the Minecraft Championship map, looking at its new additions and practice runs. George plays beside him, their characters a messy synchronization. It’s been a night—not necessarily long or short for that matter, but a night.

“Remember when you said you wanted to marry me,” Dream tries to amuse himself, “What happened to that?”

“What do you *mean* ‘what happened to that?’” George responds, a playful fluster in his voice, “Nothing’s happened.”

“Do you want it to?” Dream sneaks in, “We can’t get you here, otherwise. I know you’d like it here.”

“Shouldn’t we wait until all of this is over?”

“How long will that be?” he shoots back, parroting his words, “It’s been a year. Nothing’s

happened.”

“So *now* you’re saying it’s a good idea.”

Dream hiccups, “Well—I—yeah. I guess it is a good idea.”

“Well, now you can admit to me how much of a genius I am.”

A laugh flows out of his lips, “Okay, okay, you’re a genius, George.”

“Like think about it—actually think about it. We’re pretty good actors. I mean, we would be if we didn’t lie all the time, you know?”

Dream gives in, “Okay, okay, I get it, I get it—you’re the mastermind of the Dream Team.”

“*Obviously*. Who codes all your challenges? Me.”

“Not all of them.”

“Most of them,” George boasts, “Whatever. Just figure out how to marry me.”

Dream gives him another chuckle. God, they sure do laugh a lot.

“Alrighty, Georgie.”

Moonlight whispers through the blinds of Dream’s room, who hasn’t bothered to turn his lights on due to his occupancy. Fingers ramble on the keyboard, eyes skimming through bulky paragraphs and occasionally the officiated links to more shady government websites, though he is probably going to misread an alarming chunk of it from the pace he’s going at.

Short nails comb through his drying hair before he takes a deep breath to stretch. God, marriage is so much planning. *Everything* is so much planning. And the virus doesn’t seem to be letting up any time relatively soon—the travel ban had been extended.

Patches, who sits on his bed, flicks an ear to the sound of bones cracking. A set of notes sits beside him, a large portion scratched out. Eyes that used to be concentrated lose their momentum.

Getting tired of the harsh pixels on the screen, Dream swaps his occupation to focus on George—his profile picture cradles the infamous red circle with a subtraction sign indented in the center. Without a second thought, Dream clicks on the voice call option, and likewise, he gets an immediate answer.

“Hyoonk,” George greets unceremoniously, “Yeah, what’s up?”

“Okay, so,” Dream starts, “I did some digging on the marriage visa thing, so like, if we were to do it, you know...”

An intrigued hum follows, interrupting quite like the brat he is usually, “Yeah? You’ve been on it for weeks and *now* you do the research?”

Dream continues his thought, ignoring the comment, “I, well—you’d come to America eventually and I thought I’d just dip my toes in it.”

“Ew, what? Dream!” George chitters, obviously trying to lighten the mood, “You called me to talk about your toes?”

“No, oh my God.”

“Then make your point already!”

“I’m trying to form my thoughts, give me a moment!”

“You should’ve done that before you called me,” he giggles, “or were you just *so* occupied in marrying me?”

“Okay, fine,” Dream revokes, “I guess I *won’t* tell you.”

George stays silent, but not in a shocked way. Dream concludes that he is probably looking at their messages with the most bored look on his face.

“Right...” George drawls, “Don’t tell me, then.”

Dream dislikes when reverse psychology works on him. He lets out a harsh, yet good-spirited huff.

“You don’t mean that,” he still protests.

“Fine, tell me, tell me.”

“Okay, so,” he begins, “First of all, I have to fill in and send in the [I-129F Form](#), which is the Petition for Alien Fiancé, and *that* ’ll take around five to seven months to process, but they’ll send me a letter when it gets approved. Actually they’ll send me a lot of letters; it’s this long-ass process —”

“Woah, what—Dream—”

“I’ll pay the fees for all of it, so don’t worry about that, and then when that gets all set, you’ll have to go through an interview that proves our relationship at an embassy or consulate in the UK and get a K-1 visa to come over here, and *then* you have to go through a medical examination—”

“Uhh... Dream—”

“— and then we have to get married in ninety days after you arrive when the visa is approved, which makes you eligible for a green card and—”

“ *Dream* .”

“What?”

“Slow down, oh my God,” says George, “You’re going so fast.”

“There’s so many *steps* ,” Dream whines with a vocal sigh, “We’ll have to act like an actual couple.”

“I mean, that’s not so hard to do.”

“... I guess that’s true,” Dream tilts his head in thought and shakes it away, “Alright. Well, we’ll have to make up some stories and plan it all out.”

“Doesn’t this count as fraud?” giggles George, though Dream does not laugh along with him.

“I mean, maybe we don’t necessarily have to make up a *complete* lie, but you won’t have a chance to stay if you don’t already have someone petitioning for you—Not during the travel ban, at least.

And we're getting married so you stay with me. "

George mumbles, intrigued, "...I'm listening. I've *been* listening."

"But if we get caught, it's a \$250k fine and five years in jail, at least," Dream says nonchalantly, "And then you'd be deported and it'll be on your record."

"Wha—!" A sputter and the creak of a chair, "No way. Why fiancé, anyway?"

"What? And plan a wedding *and* a marriage *now* ? That doesn't sound very realistic, George. If we keep it up though, even if we *are* accused, we could probably pay it off easy anyway. E-Z."

"No, we don't, idiot," a small pause before George relaxes, "You're really gonna go all out on the story, huh?"

"We won't get caught! I promise. It won't be much of a story," Dream lets out a huff of amusement as he moves to his other monitor, searching for a link. Sending it to George, he continues to explain.

"This is DS-160, which is the visa application for you to visit the US, but only for like, six months, so that's why we have to marry in time and the petition says we have to marry in three. There's still a bunch of forms we have to fill out, but the green card will last you a long while. If you want to stay."

Nothing fills the silence that follows. Dream offers something more.

"If you want naturalization, I mean... that's your choice, I guess."

Another pause. He realizes George is still taking all of this in.

"But we don't have to worry about that *now* , I mean... I'm just talking theoretically."

"Sure, Dream," a sarcastic answer, "I'd love to marry you."

"It'd be fun, like, think about it."

"*Fun*??? Who would want to marry you?"

"Oh come on, you would actually love to marry me. It's undeniable at this point."

"What?!" George retorts, bewildered by such confident assertions, "I think it's the other way around."

"No, no, *you* were the one begging to marry *me* ," Dream denies knowingly.

George lacks anything to say back.

Dream continues to urge, "You wanna do this or not?"

George chitters in guilt, giving in, "Alright. Tell me what to do."

Dream is smiling.

Dream is uneasy. They have both made accounts on the USCIS—the United States Citizenship and Immigration Services—website, and received registration numbers accordingly, though it takes

quite a week or two of preparation and contemplation to actually get them active. His eyes run down the Form I-129F document on his screen for what is probably the twentieth time. It's all convoluted really—your social security, even your parents' information, employers, address history, beneficiaries— *what the hell are beneficiaries?* —, *their* parents' information and *their* employers, criminal records(now that one's iffy), and the like.

The question he's most hesitant about is the biographical section, particularly the one concerning hair color. There are three choices that he could answer: blond, sandy, and brown.

He comes back to it later.

The familiar ringing of a Discord call gives him reason to become distracted. George screams into his mic, absolutely exploding Dream's ears.

"George, what the hell?"

"Hi, Dream," George says, "Or, wait, should I start calling you Clay? Oh my God, that's so weird —HAHA."

"Oh God, yeah you do," says Dream, "Question: what color is my hair?"

"Dirty blonde. Well, that's what... the people who've actually seen you say, I don't really know. I mean, I've actually seen you, but... you know I'm colorblind. All of your stans say it's brown."

"Well, because, on the form there's 'blond,' 'sandy,' and 'brown,' so I think I'm gonna go with 'sandy.'"

"They'll probably believe 'sandy.'"

Dream smiles, doing a silly voice, "'Sorry, officers, my hair changes color depending on mood. Brown means I'm stressed.'"

George sputters a cackle, "Imagine your hair just turns bright blue and you're like 'Boohoo, I'm sad. I'm a sad, blue clown.'"

Dream rolls his eyes with a smile, "Okay, shut up. You'd *love* me with blue hair, wouldn't you?"

"Eh," George responds, likely pretending to be disinterested, "Maybe."

"Don't lie."

While checking off the PDF, he sends it off to print.

"Hold on a moment."

On another side of the room, bold ink files cleanly on paper—warm and fresh and all one-sided as the instructions tell him. With a delicate hand, he runs his fingers on the edges to even out their arrangement. They are placed back on his desk and the creak of the chair dips with his weight. He opens a drawer, grabbing clips to keep them intact. They are only thirteen pieces of paper at the moment, a small package of truths to fit the heaviest lie he'll ever tell.

"Okay, I'm back," he finally says.

They'll ever tell.

"Oh, welcome back. I just thought of something."

“What?”

“What if we did a ‘Minecraft, but we get married,’ video?”

Dream hums, “That might be time-inconsistent, but we can do one for fun, I guess.”

“Yeah, people will have a *nice* time believing it,” skittish sarcasm creeps in George’s voice, “HAHA—Oh my God, imagine? ‘I never actually got married to George but we thought it would be funny if we said I did, and George was gonna make a video about it but then got afraid that it would upset you guys too mu—”

“Shut up! I literally took the bullet for you that time. Anyways, that’s why I said we can do one for fun, idiot.”

“What’s the point??”

“I dunno. Just to tease. ‘Feed’ our stans, as they say.”

“I mean, I guess we had that Minecraft wedding in the desert already.”

“Didn’t you cancel it?”

A pause, “... you’re right.”

“Good going, genius.”

“Can you shut up?”

Dream chuckles, turning to his other monitor to fill in Form [G-1450](#). It is the form to pay the government the filing fees by credit card. This fee alone is five hundred and thirty-five dollars, but he supposes he’ll earn it back through Youtube and Twitch.

Such money is not a big deal to either of them.

The stack of documents slips in a yellow folder, secured nicely with its metal pin.

He thinks about their ‘wedding’ back in March. Or was it April? The memory is too far away to pinpoint. An empty desert spotted with dead bushes floods his mind. Humming villagers and cats roam the diorite floors carpeted in red. Carbon copies of oak fence altars appear in multiples while he was distracted then. It was a really ugly wedding, except this time, he does not plan on crashing it, at least for the time being.

A shuffle from the other side of the call takes him away from the thought.

“What do you think our honeymoon would be,” George jokes, “Are we going somewhere special?”

“...Minecraft,” Dream manages to answer, “Okay, wait—we have to focus on actually getting you here, George.”

“I’m just thinking! I’m just thinking.”

“You don’t have a brain.”

“Rude.”

Dream receives a compressed folder from George.

“Here,” the latter says, “I sent you pictures.”

“I wonder what kind,” Dream jokes, practically feeling George roll his eyes at him.

He downloads the folder and unzips it, revealing a multitude of images.

“Are these good for photoshopping? Don’t make fun of me.”

Dream skims the files a little closer, perusing various versions of George standing, kissing an imaginary figure maybe, and the like. His eyes linger on a smiling face and a silly pose, though he quickly moves on. George must’ve felt terribly embarrassed taking these, let alone sending them, so much so that Dream almost deletes it.

“Yeah, these should be good,” he answers back.

He will have quite the time editing these.

George feels finicky. He is heading towards the front door of his house, and no matter how thick and fluffy his socks are, the tiles of the floor are chillier than his liking. They always have been in the months of fall. It takes time to get used to, especially by the end of September.

Perhaps carpet would’ve been a better choice, though he’d complain about the exact opposite in the early summer.

Opening his way to the entrance, he finds a small box—comfortable enough to hold with one hand, but dense enough so that he prefers to hold it with two. Creaking the door closed, he makes his way back to his room.

Split goes the tape that holds the container together. Gently coaxing the item out is another official box of the product’s brand—a tiny photo printer. With the package comes a small stack of 4x6 glossy paper, some ink, and an SD card as a bonus. He places them down on his desk and puts his headphones back on.

“Yeah, I got the stuff,” he answers.

“You did? Good,” responds Dream.

George then receives a plethora of images— pictures of fake dates and literal faked dates overlayed in the bottom corner in that old fashioned style, even if it isn’t that necessary. He inserts the SD card into his computer, letting it register before saving and dragging the files into the drive. While clicking the ink cartridges into the machine, he pauses, overlooking the images more closely and making a faked gagging sound at the subject matter.

“Ewwww, you’re kissing me. Gross. Why are you so much taller?”

“What? It’s not by *that* much, you’re literally like just a head shorter. I’m making it accurate, George.”

George gives him a sarcastic laugh and an eye-roll he cannot see, “You’re a... giant.”

“If it isn’t accurate, we’ll be suspected. You just hate the truth.”

“Okay, whatever.”

Popping the SD card out, he inserts it back into the printer and waits for it to start up. Its buttons

click cleanly against the pressure of his fingers as he selects his options. Finally choosing “OK,” the machine churns out contrasting shapes and colors, eventually making its way to the full photo. The first one slides into George’s fingers, who is careful not to smudge its delicately placed pixels. He holds it up to the brightness of his monitor, admiring the gloss it reflects. After it has cooled, he plays around with the sound of it wobbling.

“Hey! Don’t ruin it,” Dream sounds like he is pouting, “I worked so hard on those.”

“What? With your iPad that says ‘George is gay’ on it?” George shoots back, “I could just print another one.”

Dream chortles, for lack of a real answer. George continues scanning his eyes over the photo. It is a picture of them touching noses at an amusement park. Blue lights gleam around their supposedly blissful freeze of time.

“Don’t the both of us hate roller coasters?”

“You can enjoy theme parks without having to go on rides, you know.”

George grabs a water bottle from the side and takes a sip with the most malicious smile that nearly makes it spill all over his shirt, “Wish that applied to you.”

“What?” Dream sputters, choking on laughter, “What is wrong with you?”

George feigns innocence, “What?”

“Why would you say that, George?”

George squeaks amusement, admitting his intention, “Dream, get your head out of the gutter.”

“Yeah, okay,” Dream responds with sarcasm, “I think you’re tired, George.”

“And what does that mean?”

“Go to sleep, George.”

“You don’t want to see me? Lemme stay.”

“Okay, you’re definitely sleep-deprived.”

George hiccups as he giggles, finally giving in, “Alright, okay. I’ll talk to you tomorrow?”

“Of course.”

The call ends. George leans back in his chair and wrings out his muscles one last time, letting the last of the photos churn out on his desk. He browses along his phone, hesitant to call anyone *but* Dream, really. Pressing on his mother’s name, he waits as it rings out in the silence of his room.

The click of an answer makes his body jerk, yet at the same time, his mind nearly ghosts over it.

“Yeah? Mum? Dream just proposed to me...”

The static from the phone is sour to his ears when she responds. At least she seems cheerful.

“You’ve met him! You’ve met him. I’m getting married.”

They have quite the talk about it.

come into the water, do you want to be my baby?

Chapter Summary

patience

song - come into the water

Chapter Notes

i wish i included more of the in-betweens of waiting for the notif, but i end up not writing it :[sad

“If I could have one thing in the entire world, what would it be?” George reads, not hesitating with this question at all unlike his previous ones, “A plane ticket to Dream’s house.”

Everyone laughs, Dream the loudest one in the call. It is so evident that he thinks George is pulling at his leg.

“You’re such an idiot,” he says.

But George continues, teasing the idea, “And... a permanent room. In his house.”

Dream lets a chuckle flow out, though it is quite shaky this time around.

“You’re such a liar,” he hears Dream accuse.

“What—why? What else would it be, then?” George tests with a smile.

A moment stretches for Dream to answer, replaced by an exasperated and amused wheeze, “A permanent... room in my house?”

“Yeah.”

Dream’s breath stops a little before he continues with a seemingly all-knowing tone, “You’re lying.”

George keeps pushing, “What else would I choose then?”

“Uhhh...,” Dream wonders dumbly, “You’d probably choose like—I dunno—all the supreme in the world or something stupid.”

Laughs bubble from George, “No... Why would I want material items when we have friendship?”

Things continue as normal. Dream groggily wipes his eyes and runs his thumb along the side of his mail, its delicate plastic crinkling beneath his fingers. The first Notice of Action letter, or Form [L](#)

[797C](#), has just arrived after two weeks of sending his petition in—a receipt, essentially. He cannot do anything at this point. Only the waiting game remains, and lord knows how Dream gets impatient.

He'll try his best, though.

He walks back to his room, Patches purring behind, likely curious of the package of paper. Perusing TeamSpeak, Sapnap interrupts him. He forgets to adjust his volume, so the sudden barking into his ears nearly topples him and his chair to the ground.

“Sapnap! What is wrong with you? I just woke up.”

“Morning,” Sapnap ignores his question, “How’s your romantic heist going so far?”

Sapnap still has a hard time believing all this is real, but Dream supposes he will amuse him as comfort.

“Boring, but we’ll get there.”

“Isn’t that a good thing?”

“I mean, maybe.”

“You sure you wanna spend the rest of your life with George? Sounds like a hassle,” Sapnap jokes.

Dream laughs in response.

“Am I invited to the wedding?”

“Of course, you are. You get first tickets to my house. Actually, you’ll be my best man.”

“Well, George’s streaming. He’s probably waiting for us. For you. Well, he’s probably gonna end it soon—he’s getting kinda bored.”

The both of them are moved to George’s channel and Dream opens up his Twitch.

“Hi,” Dream says comfortably, familiarly.

“Oh, Dream! You’re awake! I’m speedrunning.”

“No ‘hi’ for me? Rude,” comments Sapnap.

“I already said ‘hi’ to you. You were literally here five minutes ago—” a gasp interrupts his sentence and Dream notices George tense up on his facecam, “Oh my God, golem, please don’t kill me.”

“You suck, George.”

“Shut up!”

The chat speeds by, none of them bothering to look. In all honesty, they’re all probably excited Dream is present due to his name being subsequently spammed with a few variations here and there. He quietly in George’s direct messages, indicating he’s received news, but nothing they should do anything about.

“How are you this morning, Dream?” he asks, acknowledging.

Dream hums, for lack of a definite answer, “I’m doing... good.”

“I’m ordering breakfast, what should I get?” Sapnap says.

“From what?” asks George.

“TacoBell.”

“TacoBell?? In the morning? Are you crazy?” Dream points out.

“Relax, relax. It’s from their breakfast menu.”

“Still??? Who orders TacoBell for breakfast?”

“I do.”

Dream rolls his eyes, taking out his own phone to get food, “Well, I’ll be normal and get McDonalds. George, what should I get?”

“Get umm, I dunno, regular nuggets I guess? They don’t sell them at your time yet, do they? Just get the hotcakes or something.”

“I’m gonna get a.... Sprite with it,” Dream answers back.

“Yeahhh, McDonald’s Sprite,” Sapnap cheers in.

They continue watching George play, stumble, and whatnot. Occasionally, Dream will give tips, but drones off while the other two converse and answer donations, his eyes no longer invested in the flashing movements on the screen. Patches comes up and rumbles beneath his chin.

“What’s that noise?” Sapnap’s voice interrupts his absentminded petting.

“Sorry,” Dream speaks up, “Just my cat.”

“Are you waiting for her to—,” incessant snickering, “—shit out your breakfast?”

“Okay, you’re... stupid.”

“Everybody, point and laugh.”

The chat goes wild with “HAHA”s and “LMAO”s. George eventually gets bored of restarting seeds, offering to go on the SMP instead. Dream and Sapnap join him, their characters all clad in netherite everything. Running around for a bit, they find themselves in the spider spawner room once again. This happens painfully frequently, though at least Sapnap can take the time to heal his equipment back up.

“What are we doing here?” Dream finally asks.

“I.... dunno. I thought you guys would do something.”

“You don’t stream without a plan, George.”

George’s character sneaks close, and Dream can almost imagine a warmth coming with it. It’s a little sickening, to say the least.

His pinky finger jitters the shift button in return. Without a second thought, George gives him a

playful punch, but takes damage from thorns.

“Ow,” they both say, despite not taking any hearts at all.

Dream takes his hands off the keyboard, fiddling with his fingernails.

“George,” he speaks suddenly, “What’s the diameter of your finger?”

“...Why?” George presses, keeping up an act, “And which one?”

“Ring,” Dream doesn’t feel like upholding it, “Just answer the question.”

George hums with a coy smile, “Kinda weirdchamp if you ask me.”

Sapnap tries to hold in his laughter, his mind most likely in a darker, dirtier place. On stream, he sees George shuffle around for a ruler, his chair awkwardly leaning to the side before he gets back up again. The delicate intonations of his knuckles and veins show clearly in the light. Dream pulls a sticky note to his side and a pen ready.

“Eighteen millimeters,” George finally answers, “Or is it nineteen?”

Dream goes with nineteen and clacks the pen away.

A size nine.

“Ooh, you know what we should do?” Sapnap continues playing along, “We should build a wedding.”

“For who?”

“You two. Don’t you guys have a kid coming?”

George makes an awkward, yet entertained noise, “We don’t know who the father is. Doesn’t the baby have to be born first?”

“Well, I’m taking bets. Anyways, I think we should get like a hot tub. And you guys will marry in the hot tub. I’ll be the priest.”

Dream smiles at the funny thought.

“That is the worst wedding idea ever—we already have Church Prime,” he adds, “George, what do you want your ring to look like?”

George tries to suppress fluster, but Dream catches his partial amusement, “I don’t know. You’re supposed to surprise me, aren’t you?”

“Alright, then.”

In another tab, Dream scrolls through a catalog of prices and designs.

Soon after, the stream ends on a mundane, but warm note, and George waves everyone goodbye with his signature smile before Sapnap goes on ahead to grab breakfast. Dream bounces from ceaseless impatience until he moves both of them to a separate channel.

“What is it, Dream?” George asks, tone soft, yet expectant.

“We should talk boundaries, George,” Dream says, carefully handling his composure, “If we were to fake flirt, and all, you know.”

“Don’t you fake flirt with me already?” George’s arrogant tone surprisingly catches him off-guard.

“I meant, like, *real* boundaries.”

A moment passes before an answer can come, “I guess I won’t say I *love* you.”

Dream manages to crack in some humor, “Aww, Georgie, that’s so sweet—”

“Shut up,” George deadpans, earning a chuckle in response, “I’ll do it like, a few times but people know I won’t say it a lot anyway.”

“That is true,” Dream says.

“I’m not entirely bothered. I mean, we *have* read stuff of you absolutely railing me out loud, so like ___”

“George!” It is Dream’s turn to get surprise caught in his throat, “You can’t just *say* that?”

“Why not?? I thought you would have laughed.”

“You’re a freak.”

George giggles with a mocking tone, “Ooh, am I?”

“Stop that. This is the George they don’t see. You’re so...” *controlled* , he trails off.

“So... what?”

“Stupid.”

“Hey,” a pout laces his tone, “Don’t call me stupid.”

Dream softens, his words like silt, “You *play* stupid.”

“I don’t think people can tell.”

“Good.”

The second Notice of Action, or NOA2, comes in five blurry, grueling and, quite frankly, very romantic months later in the midst of February. Dream reads the letter concluding his petition has been approved with no request for further evidence, which is a relief, to say the least. It is rare for someone *not* to be questioned, even if the documentation doesn’t miss a single thing. These past weeks have been a raging sandstorm of frustration—waking up, checking the mailbox, going back into the house with empty hands. A drought to his patience.

How cruel.

The next steps are for the USCIS to send information to the embassy in London and do a background check, which shouldn’t really have any trouble because George doesn’t go outside. Neither of them do.

He props his legs on his desk, gamer chair straining not to fall over. A ring rolls between his

fingers—its smooth, white ceramic encompassed by a layer of lime green. Thumbing it around his knuckle, it fits snug. Ice to his skin and fire to the law. A size twelve was the right choice for him, after all.

Taking it off and saving it for later, Dream logs onto Teamspeak, right into George's messages. They've been joke-flirting for quite a while now, though most of it is just being themselves.

Hey. Stream in a few. He types. *I got a gift for you.*

Wow, that rhymed. George answers back. *It arrived?*

Yeah.

George announces it on Twitter— *Streaming in five :] Dream says he has a surprise for me!*

Dream sends in the server address. Minutes crawl achingly before he gets a notification on his phone and readies his setup.

"Hey guys!" George's voice peaks through the speakers.

Dream watches him frantically wave to the camera, his character jumping and crouching at a beach of idle turtles.

"Oh look—turtles! Hi everyone! Dream says he has a surprise. He sent this box but he told me not to open it yet. What are we doing, Dream? Get on."

Chat speeds by, asking a myriad of questions. He takes note of the way he chitters the word 'turtles,' but scraps it out of his head.

"I'm going, I'm going," his computer loads the world up shortly, "You'll find out."

George squeaks, "Hi, Dream!"

Dream leads them to the sea, placing down a boat, "Get in. I have something to show you."

George gets in. They take off.

"You sure this isn't a prank?"

"No, of course not."

"Friends don't lie."

Dolphins whistle, and Dream almost feels George's head rest on his shoulders in the real world.

"I won't be your friend, George."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see, you'll see."

Soon, they stand beside a mesa, its stripes patterning the plateaus.

"Lemme guess, I'm surrounded by 'hardened clay'?"

"Technically."

An intricate road made of put-out campfires stretch before them with signs dotted on the fences here and there. His fingers clack on the keys to urge George further.

“Dream... what is this?”

“Just keep going! And read the signs, okay?”

“Oh... okay,” George says, “You know I can’t read, Dream.”

For a couple of Minecraft Youtubers, their acting is impeccable.

Regardless, George continues. Dream hopes at least his long-winded half-lie is at least digestible. He thinks it’s the cheesiest thing he’s ever written in his life.

“George, the first time I texted you and asked you to code me something and ignored it, I thought you were a straight up asshole—,” *Dream*,” George giggles amidst reading, “but I truly do love you a lot—I can’t imagine a future without you. Sometimes I’ll be on Discord or TeamSpeak, and when someone mentions your name I perk up so fast. Sometimes we’ll be on call with so many other people and I’ll only talk to you and we have our own little conversation apart from everyone else. Sometimes I wonder what’s wrong with you. I call you an idiot, and I truly do mean it in the fondest way.”

Dream’s expression twists further into a sour cringe—thank the lord he never planned to have cameras on himself. At least somewhat of it is true, though he still holds the rest of it as if his finger were resting soundly on the edge of a trigger.

“You’re crazy, you’re so annoying, you make the weirdest sounds, and you literally cannot imagine how much I want to throw you out a window sometimes because I love you and I want to give you everything I have...” he falters, “I want to wake up next to you—” *speaking faster, dumbass*, he says to himself “— and hear your morning voice....”

Carefully calculated and deafening silence fills the moment. Dream tries to play dumb.

“Dream...? What’s going on?”

At the end of their trail, a bridge arches over a river to a flat desert, leading to a path surrounded with leaves and pots of cacti and flowers and simple ponds. Horses whinny beside them in greeting. They walk over a red carpet that leads to rows and rows of chairs to a giant, intricately-built altar. It’s almost like a megabuild. Dream’s hands shift around on his keyboard so that he is crouching in front of George’s character. He hopes this entire thing is believable.

“Open the box, George.”

On the stream, “confused” hands fiddle on a knife, finally sliding across tape at long last. Twitch almost glitches out due to the sheer number of questions coming through: *What is that? What did he get you?*

A shuffle of cardboard reveals white styrofoam and a velvet, black container. Careful fingers rub across the material before finally opening it, revealing a ring of ebony wood encasing an oceanic blue band in the middle mirroring Dream’s.

“Dream...” he says, taking the ring out.

“George, will you marry me?”

George freezes in the small corner of the video, a spark in his eyes, “Dream, *what?* ”

“I said! Will you marry me?”

Say “yes,” already. Get it over with it.

“Wait—” unrelenting giggles, “Wait, wait a moment. I have to process this— Dream. Are you serious?”

“Of course, I am, George,” he says in his warmest voice.

George covers his face, but not his smile, and feigns happy embarrassment, “ *Dream* , oh my God. I will, idiot. How’d you even build all this?”

Lord, they could apply for theater if they really wanted to.

“I... asked for help.”

“It... looks nice. It’s a little familiar. Have we been here before?”

“Remember the first seed I streamed on?”

George hums and tilts his head in confusion, “No?”

“George! We built our first Minecraft wedding here—you don’t remember?”

“I’m joking! I’m joking—of course I remember.”

“Do you?”

“Yes, Dream.”

“Does the ring fit?”

George tests it out on his hand, finding it wrapped comfortably around his finger, “Yeah... I’m keeping it on. It’s pretty.”

“Now all *your* stans’ll go crazy about your hands.”

George lets a light laugh escape him, “Stop.”

Dream tests the waters of his heart, “I love you a lot, you know.”

Don’t push it. We’re just acting.

“I know,” comes the jovial, arrogant response, “This is so—” *Don’t say poggers, don’t say poggers, don’t say poggers* , “—sweet of you, Dream. I’m... actually really happy. Of course, I want to marry you—you scared me so much.”

As expected, he doesn’t say it back—they both know that is how he works. They are still walking around, admiring the grandiose work of sandstone, concrete, and dark oak. What especially appeals to them are the quartz pillars. They are indeed very eloquent in their crafting—Dream did spend money for someone to set it all up, after all. Minecraft building is truly a discipline to be reckoned with.

“You know I wonder what would happen if we got a divorce,” George says suddenly, amused. Dream’s face drops in shock.

God, you're such an idiot.

"You're already thinking about divorce?" he jokes, "You wouldn't survive without me."

"I'm the one with a computer science degree."

"You can't even drive."

"I don't need to," George lets out a breathy laugh, "Can you teach me, though?"

"What?" Dream wheezes out, "No way. I'm not letting you crash my car."

"Don't you, like, not have one?"

"Well," Dream starts, "I don't want you to crash."

"That's what I thought."

The rest of the stream runs smoothly, with some accusing falsehoods here and there, which is genuinely quite rude, but you have to hand it to them— it's justified, to say the least, if they were to be caught.

But would they be guilty regardless? Dream doesn't hinge on the question.

my god, i'm so lonely, so i open the window

Chapter Summary

preparation

song - nobody

Chapter Notes

I WAS WRONG ABOUT THE I-485 AND THE OTHER ONE. THOSE DON'T COME UNTIL AFTER THEY MARRY THAT IS MISINFORMATION!!!

Dream flits around in their Minecraft world, hopping across trees to stimulate his head. George and him answer a donation, teasing the viewers.

“Yeah,” George goes, “Dream was supposed to fly me out when he got to three hundred thousand subscribers.”

“I would’ve flown him out so long ago,” Dream adds on.

“But then corona hit and now he’s just like... oh yeah,” George makes a whiny, mocking sound, “Now I can’t fly you out, this is so convenient.”

“No, no. No no no no,” Dream begins denying, “I was moving . I was like... I’ll be in the new place I’m living in, you can come and hang out. It’ll be lit. There’s an extra room, you can come in and... get in the room and.. stay there. Well, maybe you’ll stay there forever, who knows. You just —” he stutters— “you just wanna live with me.”

George’s only commentary is a huff of amusement.

George plays with the string of the mask on his face, walking around the bustling winds and subways of London. A fairly tolerable day in March is passing over, and it has proven to him how fast a year changes. It’s been a while since he’s worn a button-up and fancy shoes. They feel off on him.

They should, though. He’s a gamer.

The phone in his hand echoes his location, indicating his train should be here soon. He has all his files with him—birth certificate, work and education history, passport, “proof,” and the like, snuggled neatly in a folder case. He had taken his medical exam last week, having cost two hundred dollars, and received news that the embassy now has it in their possession.

A train hisses to a stop a few meters away from his feet. People flood in and flood out with various sounds of footsteps. George hurries in, hearing the doors click shut behind him. The hold he tries on the hanging hand grips are understandably tight, yet it surprises him still. His phone rattles, and

George's nerves make him quick to latch onto its attention, squinting from its inability to match the brightness coming from the lights above.

Hey. Are you doing okay? It lights up Dream's name. *You know what to do? I just wanted to check in on you again.*

George's expression turns into a fond smile, answering back, *I'm okay, just on my way. I'm a little nervous, though*, he sends a frown.

It's gonna be fine, we're sticking together, comes the reply, *I promise. I trust you.*

His body jostles when the train finally starts moving, and he instinctively holds the phone to his chest, along with his folders. His feet stagger back before refocusing on Dream's reassurances.

And if they turn us down? George asks.

Dots bubble their impatience back at him, *We can just accuse them of homophobia.*

George rolls his eyes, *You're crazy, you know?*

We're crazy, George, it rattles, *We know that very much.*

The lights overhead start blinking, no longer constant. Then, their pulse slows and George braces himself for a stop, the shadows of falsehood blinking at his sin. Readjusting himself, he continues out the door, once again looking at his directions.

33 Nine Elms Lane, London, SW11 7US, it blinks back up at him.

Tiles below his feet become a blur, and soon do the stairs. Once out in the open, a ten minute walk to the US Embassy stretches before him. It is truly the ugliest building he's ever seen in his life—he remembers searching it up. Whoever designed the exterior decorations was clearly out of their mind. Or *is*, for that matter. He doesn't know.

Are you sure you're okay? a vibration in his pocket begs for his attention again.

He sighs fondly, *Yes, I'm sure I'll be fine. I'm not a noob. Now it's you who I need to comfort.*

That's pretty rare. I like when you comfort me.

George puts his phone away, arriving at the embassy sooner than he expects. Concrete stops abruptly at their doors, and he faces his own cold, glossy reflection in both their windows and their floors. Tightening a small breath, he silently hisses it out upon entering.

Nearly nobody.

Well, except for the idle receptionists. It does not surprise him that few people are visiting. He walks up to the central cubicle, whose person waits expectantly for him.

"Hello, welcome to the U.S. Embassy," they say, "What are you here for?"

"Yeah, uh, I have an appointment for a K-1 visa interview," he manages out, handing them his identification.

The files slip out of his hands behind the clear plastic, its information being recorded down as he stands there awkwardly.

“Have a seat,” they smile, “Your interviewer will be right with you. Slot two will call you up.”

George nods and looks down the hall of modernist chairs and comfy sofas lined in rows, moderately occupied. Stiffly, he walks over and carefully sets himself somewhere close, admiring the building’s cleanliness and twiddling his thumbs. He does deem himself an impressive liar, though only when he really wants to be.

Now, don’t get him wrong, he does want to be a good liar, though having pressure to lie and lying freely are very obviously two different things.

A tap to his shoulder rips him from his thoughts, though amplifies his worries greatly. At his side is a woman—likely another applicant—eyebrows furrowed in concern at his demeanor.

“Is this your first time here?” Her chin moves below her mask, yet the words barely register, “No need to fret.”

George pauses, merely inclining his head down with a careful, “Yeah. Just the whole corona thing, you know?”

Her kind eyes seem to be at least understanding, “Oh yeah, that, too. Difficult, ain’t it?”

He acknowledges the notable New York— *Boston?* — accent, hoping the casual conversation will soothe him, though he isn’t much of a talker to random strangers. Perhaps it is common in those parts of the US.

“It’s a hassle, I suppose,” he responds, “But at least it’s quite empty in here, as well.”

“You a businessman?”

George pauses for a second, “I guess you can say so. Well—I’m getting married. My fiancé has been preparing a lot for it.”

Almost rudely, the intercom announces for his attention, “Interview for applicant G-H-D, please come to slot two.”

Looking back at the woman, George waves an awkward departure, heading towards the cubicle. It’s small, to the say the least. He’d compare it to an American DMV, but fortunately for him, he’s never been to an American DMV. Unfortunately though, he may have to in the future.

A man with tiny glasses stares back at him like cardboard. They would shake hands in greeting if not for the pandemic situation.

“Hello, Mr. George,” he says, “You’re here for your K-1 visa interview. Are you prepared?”

“Yes,” George can only reply simply, going through all the answers in his head.

“Let’s get started,” he continues.

“What is the name of your fiancé?”

God, remember that one, at least.

“Clay Block.”

“And where do they live?”

“He lives in Orlando, Florida,” he feels the need to say more, “United States.”

The interviewer only hums, “And you plan to live with him?”

George makes a face, perplexed by the simple question, “Of course.”

“What does he do for a living?”

“He’s a video-maker. Youtuber,” George doesn’t really know how to word it, “We both are.”

“What was your proposal like?”

At this, George reconsiders laughing. Actually, he giggles very fully, “We—uh—it’s silly, really. He made us a wedding in a video game we play all the time. Sent me a box and told me not to open it until I was online... He proposed to me like that.”

“How often do you communicate with your fiancé?”

“Every single day.”

“And how long have you known him?”

“Uhhh...” George averts his eyes, running over his mental timeline, “Six years, I think.”

“How do your parents feel about the engagement?”

George smiles, embarrassed and stupid, “You could say they’re happy I’m going outside.”

They continue through a few more basic credentials—parents’ names, hair color, eye color, language—the boring stuff. The interviewer skims through their photos.

“How did you meet?”

“We met online. Er... yeah. In a video game.”

“Interests? Hobbies?”

“Oh, we both like to code and play Minecraft. It’s the video game we met on, actually. We... make entertainment out of them, you could say. We both like cats, but that’s not a major interest.”

George really hopes being truthful about their gaming antics will do them justice. No person in their right mind lies about meeting their spouse on a Minecraft server in general, much less use it to commit marriage fraud.

“How long did you date before getting engaged?”

“Around two years.”

The interviewer nods oddly, “What about your wedding plans?”

“We’re not all that sure, to be honest,” he says, “With COVID and all, it’s likely we’re going to have it at his house.”

The man seems to understand, indicating with a nod, “How long has he lived at his current address?”

“Oh, he actually bought it recently, like a year ago, and we were planning for him to fly me out

there, but then the pandemic hit, so, here we are now.”

“Does he have any siblings?”

“An older sister, a younger sister, and a younger brother. I’ve only met the younger sister, though.”

“What is her name?”

George clears his throat, searching for the name behind Drista: “Terra. Terra Cotta.”

“What do you love about your fiancé?”

He breathes shallow, words hovering over the trigger of a pistol, like a cactus in his throat. Better not delve into a stuttering mess.

“I, well, he’s very caring. Dre—,” he stops himself, “Clay’s always been protective of anyone he cares about. He’s a good leader and he’s got a big knack for gift-giving—well, not that I love...,” his mind stares at the word, bringing his hands to cover his face due to sheer bashfulness, “—him just for that, of course. He’s always there when I need some help or make me laugh or... he knows how to make me blush.”

“That should be enough, Mr. George.”

George forms a grin, and God, he wishes it were fake, “Thank you.”

A week or so later, Dream rubs paint off of his hands, light cyan seeping into the cracks of his skin. Tarp lines the edges of the blackwood floor, splattered with the same pigment. Coughing, he grabs a bottle and opens a window or two. The bright afternoon sun nearly blinds him. Sounds of people chatter faintly outside—nobody in the house besides him.

Buckets of red and white sit on other corners of the room, yet to be opened. Ice water relieves his desert of a throat and fingers mindlessly scroll through his phone.

Well, not mindlessly. Just something to fill his simultaneous boredom and worry.

Hey, a message from George , I got my passport in the mail.

Dream perks up at the notification immediately, typing, *Well, what is it?*

Approved , sent with a smiley and more exclamation marks than he can count, Just as planned.

Scrambling to get his camera up, Dream snaps a picture of George’s in-progress room and sends it over. It’s nearly finished with the base color. He makes his way to his own office to give it time to dry.

Are you gonna make it say ‘supreme’? George asks, *That is the cringiest thing ever.*

Yeah, Dream types out, smiling, *It’s just like you.*

Shut up.

His chair rolls lazily to the side as he crashes himself on the plush seat, waiting for his computer to chirp animatedly to his request. He logs in to book a flight and browse through pages and pages of furniture. Putting on his headset, he calls George and shares his screen.

“Dweaaam,” George drawls out, “Wow, you’re *finally* flying me out, huh? That’s pog.”

“You think our marriage is a ‘play of the game’?”

“You’re actually saying the whole acronym out loud? Cringe, Dream.”

Dream rolls his eyes, flipping through available tickets and propping his head on his hands through a physical manifestation of restlessness.

Asking softly, “How soon can you come?”

“As soon as you want me to,” the response is equally as soft.

Dream is quick to pull back his breath, curling his fingers off of his mouth, just slightly, “Don’t you need some time to pack up your stuff?”

“I don’t have much to pack. Give me like maybe a few days.”

Silence, then Dream’s guilty laughter spills into his microphone, developing into a wheeze. George is first to speak, huffing in confusion.

“What?”

“Nothing—,” a chuckle, “nothing, ignore it.”

“Wha—,” realization, “*Dream*, get your mind out of the gutter. You know what I mean. You’re... such an idiot.”

Dream keeps giggling, paying no mind to the fond insult. Clicking through options, he finds one two days from now.

“How ‘bout this one?”

George hums in thought, “Give me a little more time. I have my clothes, but I need to box my setup. And some other stuff I want to bring.”

“Wha—you literally just said—okay, nevermind. Can’t I just buy another one for you?” Dream offers, then his voice mellows to seafoam, “Let me.”

“What?” George says, breathily laughing, “Why? No, I can’t let you do that. Genuinely.”

“Why not?” Dream whines eagerly.

“You’re already paying for like, almost everything else. I’m not letting you get me an entirely new setup.”

“But I can. You don’t have to exert yourself packaging it.”

“No, it’s really okay, Dream. It’s not that hard. I have a lot of bubble wrap. And a big suitcase! Don’t worry—I’ll be fine on my own, jeez.”

“Mmm...,” Dream contemplates before answering finally, “Okay. If you say so.”

His nails scrape his computer mouse’s scroll wheel as they look for things to fit in his room, and George certainly doesn’t have a hard time making decisions despite denying Dream the solace of buying new computer parts. Theoretically, this would’ve been the second time Dream has bought

him an entire setup, though he doesn't feel bad at all for offering.

"Hey, uh, George..." Dream pauses, "When we meet at the airport, how do you want me to, you know, greet you? I mean, I know you're not—I know you like you're space and all."

"What do you mean?"

"Can I—can I hug you?"

"Well, yeah. You'd hug me anyway, right?"

"That is true. I normally hug people."

George suddenly changes the topic, "Wait so, this new room, right? Aren't people gonna be suspicious or something if we sleep in different ones?"

Dream eyes flit around his screen, trying to look for an answer, yet his rushes with panicked near emptiness, "I don't know. Maybe it's normal for long-distance couples? Like, we can say it's overwhelming to be sleeping in the same room?"

"That... *could* be a reason."

"That's our only reason, George."

"Do we still sleep-call? In the same house?"

"We could."

"That's so... *weird*."

"We're a special case, they'll—people will understand. Trust me."

"I trust you, I trust you. Oh yeah, make sure you're getting the tickets from Heathrow—it's the nearest one to my house."

"Gotcha. So, next week?"

"Yeah, that could work. It's enough time for COVID testing—Oh, that one would fit."

Dream flits up the page, landing on a flight some time in the morning, "This one?"

"So you can pick me up and it won't be too late, right?"

The math in his head buzzes— *9 AM and a thirteen-hour flight, that means he departs at four in the morning, EST, and lands in orland at five in the evening—* , "That sounds good. Wait—they're not gonna stop you from going to the airport from COVID, are they?"

"Of course not. We stay inside literally every single day, Dream," George giggles, sounding a bit crazed, "When I see you, it's on sight."

"*What* ? I could pick you up and throw you," Dream scoffs, clicking on the flight and waiting for the purchase to process, "Crush, you even."

"I'd like to see you try."

"Oh, yeah?"

“Yeah, all I have to do is go ‘pspspspsp’ and you’ll come running to me like a sweetheart. You’re a golden retriever.”

Dream’s heart jumps to his throat from sheer fluster and betrayal, “I am *not* . That was for the bit.”

“Sure, sure.”

He puts on a dumb smile, embarrassed and trying to muster his most suave voice, “Exactly, exactly.”

“That’s gonna be the new saying now.”

“What saying?”

“First it was ‘ *oh come on, now,* ’ now it’s gonna be,” George tries to imitate him, turning his voice to grave, ““ *Exactly, exactly.* ””

“You’re being ridiculous,” Dream dismisses.

His only response is a giggle.

my baby, my baby, you're my baby, say it to me

Chapter Summary

anticipation

song - i bet on losing dogs

Chapter Notes

i know this phase is a lil boring but i promise it gets so much better

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The delicate lights of George's stream hits his own face as he swivels his chair back and forth. He absentmindedly itches his eye in thought, a little tired.

"I haven't really lived too many other places, so I can't tell if I would prefer elsewhere," he answers a donation.

Dream clears his throat, "You'd prefer here, trust me."

"Why do you think that?" George grins, putting his hands back down on the keyboard.

"Cause I'm here?" Dream boasts.

"Oh, okay? Well then, fly me out already," George replies, huffing out a small, cocky laugh and readjusting his body on his seat.

"Well...—" Dream begins

"Dream was supposed to fly me out months ago," he blames, leaving no room for protest, "And then it just never happened, and now coronavirus... so I can't go."

George blinks nervously at the harsh lights in the airport, his carry-on bags not doing much to help his steps weigh less. He shuffles his mask around his face, grateful that it covers his expression for the time being. His monitors, microphone, and the rest of his setup are probably on their way to Florida right now. It is a warm Thursday in the god-awful early morning—though his jumbled sleep schedule allows him some leeway—and all he has to do is bring himself.

This is crazy.

After listening to her ramble on and on, George accepts his mother's hug to him one last time, wishes him and Dream good luck, and kisses his forehead behind her mask. His sister only nods beside her.

This is crazy .

Security is the next step in line—his feet are finicky, getting tired way too soon for his liking. He goes, concluding that his mother’s doting sermon has finished, even after he had drowned it out a few minutes ago. His ticket nearly wears its sharp edges out due to his fidgeting. Once at the front of the line, he hands his documentation to the officer, receives it back, and prepares to lend his belongings to the conveyor belt. His fingers hesitate to take his ring off, but finally, it rattles inside the plastic box before slipping under mass amounts of radiation.

The security machine made for humans scans him over, disorienting lights revolve around his body before he moves on and the next person steps in. The next officer nods, approving him to pass through. No suspicious eye in sight, to thank his cyan button-up tucked into black pants.

Appearances and impressions really are everything in this world. He wonders how Dream’s managed it this far.

Taking his suitcase and backpack, he strolls along the glassy floors and sparsely populated seats. His eyes wander to his ticket again— *Gate D4* —to make sure he isn’t hallucinating.

Through the building’s wall of windows, the sun just barely simmers its rays to the ceasing night, twinkles of the London city still present. Long roads and expanses of short grass are cut off by the trees’ roots marking the airport’s territory back against the horizon.

George collapses himself down on a lonely row of chairs, putting the ticket back in his pocket. He begins to slip his phone out, but is interrupted by a sharp pain digging into his fingertips, and immediately, he jerks his hand back out a moment. A second thought tells him to take it out and inspect it.

Like that, a photo of him and Dream splays out in his hands, romantic and daring, curated to fool. Without a second thought, he turns his wrist and flits his eyes away, but with the temptation to stare longer.

What the hell? This was... never here.

Swallowing, he scans it over. Fluffy hair cradles a face, new and unfamiliar, with soft eyes atop an equally soft smile. George puts it away, back into the slots of his backpack, and resumes the task of looking through his phone like a bored, caged animal pacing around his enclosure.

He really wishes he’d done something more with it. At least some silly game to entertain him while he’s away from a computer. Then, his eyes dart around in light of an idea. A smile hides beneath his mask, but crinkles the corners of his eyes. He logs on twitter and points his camera.

Dream paces around, brushing up the finishing touches of George’s new room. He stimulates his hands by rubbing a cloth on brand new clout glasses, which he sets on the drawer next to his bed. The desk at the corner of the room lays empty, soon to be filled with streaming equipment.

Soon, as in, perhaps in eight hours or so. It’s around nine in the morning, and Patches chirps into the room, looking intrigued, though she doesn’t bother to delve into it. Dream meets her expectant eyes as he looks down, quirking eyebrows in confusion.

“What is it, baby?” he coos, “I just fed you.”

He follows her outside the room, into the kitchen, and to her food bowl. A furry tail wraps around his leg as he peers in. The bowl isn’t empty, per se, but there is a dip in the middle, reaching to the plastic, where there is none. Dream rolls his eyes playfully, and scoops her food back to the center.

“You’re silly,” he scratches her ears.

She goes back to eating and Dream grabs chips and water on his way back to his room. His chair rolls beneath him, wheels growling awkwardly against the floor. He should really get a new one.

As he waits for his computer to breathe awake, the stack of notifications on his phone whirrs his mind to think. A tweet pops up, indicating that George is on his way, albeit two hours ago, above the Atlantic Ocean. Previously, another tweet at the airport of two images— one of the setting sun behind a wall of windows, and another of the same, but with George’s hand, whose ring makes itself prominent in the silhouette of the sunrise.

Fiancés don’t lie, it reads, with a bracket smile next to it. A wink, to be exact.

That’s new, Dream thinks, pressing his thumb on the heart and watching it turn strawberry red.

He smiles as he tries to come up with a proper response, which eventually is decided to be a simple, heartfelt message, *love u*, and after goes a smiley face. It sits there for a moment, Dream pondering a better line, but alas forfeits and sends it off. Already, hundreds of replies appear below it upon refreshing, screaming, quite frankly. His timeline is split between a mixture of shock, delight, and disbelief.

The monitor in front of him flashes its brightness, keyboard doing the same with light cracking through the individual keys and letters. He types through his login and boots up his files of code, a notepad of ideas to the side. Dream furrows his eyebrows, squinting at a miscellaneous folder window at the end of his taskbar, glowing a slight orange. Curiously, he clicks on it.

Dream jerks his hands back with his eyes widening in an equal mixture of shock, delight, and disbelief. An arrangement of George’s face stares back at him and he scrambles to get his mouse, yet hesitant to close it off. He lingers on the images. It’s obscene.

Holding you. He can’t tell if he’s trying to convince himself if they are fake or real.

The cursor slowly finds itself hovering over the red button on the top right corner, blinking the window away.

He bites his lip, moving on and pulling his legs up to cross below him. A breath hisses into his lungs and fades out. The coding application—Eclipse, it’s called—stares back at him like a desert. His fingers don’t move. Mind drones with something he can’t identify. He then moves his cursor to the Spotify app.

HOLIDAY, it reads as Dream puts it on loop, *by Lil Nas X*.

What a king.

He sets fingers back on the keys, trying to decipher lines and lines of semicolons and braces, trying to follow its natural order of statements and grammar left from a few days ago. His teeth nibble against the nail of his thumb. He tries to run it, only to be met with errors. Eyes skim over the code again. Nothing.

His phone vibrates again, causing him to flinch at the sudden movement. He glances at the device. George.

Are you awake yet, a frowny bracket with angry eyebrows, *I’m bored*.

Dream smiles fondly, hands forgetting the keyboard. His body throws itself back on the chair and

he props his feet on his desk.

I'm here, jeez , he types back.

Bubbles load a response, *Took you long enough. This baby is keeping me awake.*

You're the baby. You keep yourself awake , his fingers tick on the letters. He grabs another chip and softly crunches into it. A second later, he nearly coughs it out.

I'm your baby? is George's response.

Heat tickles at Dream's cheeks; his mouth opens to dry astonishment, but it is quickly shoved elsewhere: *You're so dumb. Hey wait, check on this code—I can't get it to work.*

He rights his body up on the chair to take a steady picture of his computer screen and sends it over, *Here* .

It's blurry, after a few moments, *Just screenshot it and send it to me on Discord.*

Dream does as he says, propping an elbow on an armrest and leaning his head on that hand as he waits. Then, a code block appears in their expanse of messages.

The statement's wrong, like, completely , comes the next sentence, *Use this one, idiot.*

Dream thanks him, *Did you actually type out that code manually? Nerd.*

No? George retorts, *I literally just searched it up—you didn't have to come to me.*

A sandstorm chips at his heart, his thumb hesitating before pressing send, *But I like coming to you.*

The loadings dots flashes for what feels like a lifetime, until finally, *You're so stupid.*

Dream's heart falters, *Meanie.*

All he gets back is an eye roll emoji. He exits out of the messages of his phone and goes to his contacts, thumb swiping down until he finds the correct one. Tapping on it, the device purrs in his hands, taking its sweet time. It clicks on the other end.

“Yeah, hello?” Dream answers it, tentatively putting it to his ear, “How is the limo set up?”

George fiddles with the pack of peanuts in his hand. He clicks his tongue at the aftertaste, salt satisfying his taste buds. His eardrums feel numb.

The window seat is as bright as ever—clouds strolling through the blue skies up above. It's been bright for the entire ride. He tugs his backpack to his chest as the intercom signals one of its last announcements.

“This is your captain speaking,” the static softly says overhead, “We will be landing in roughly twenty minutes to Orlando, Florida, the United States. The local time is 4 PM and the temperature is around 80° Fahrenheit or 26.6° Celsius. Our flight attendants will be going around to collect your rubbish, so please remain seated, return your trays to their original state at the back of the chair in front of you, and fasten your seat belts. We hope you have enjoyed your ride so far, and we will update you on any changes. Thank you.”

George yawns and stretches out his arms, seeing the seat belt indicator light up. People wouldn't

normally pin down sitting still for twelve hours straight as a necessarily comfortable thing, but after essentially doing so all day for months, he supposes his body has gotten used to it. He hands his peanut wrapper to the lady walking down the aisle.

Out the window, the meeting of the sea and land become more prominent, the ground slowly crawling over. Ten minutes later, grainy terrain is dotted with trees—mostly palm—and neatly defined and divided counties, or however American towns are structured. He feels the plane tip down a little further, giving him a tiny bit of a stomach drop. Absentmindedly, his fingers fiddle with his ring.

Individual buildings grow closer, and roads lace themselves into intricate patterns, decorated by white and yellow lines. Cars no longer crawl, but run across his vision. As to be expected, they reach to the height of the leaves and the plane growls as its wheels roar across its dedicated pavement, George's body jolting at the landing. He beams, tapping his palms on his lap in excitement despite the vertigo rattling his brain.

A few minutes pass as they drive next to the hallway. Passengers around him shuffle around awkwardly in an attempt to get their bags together. George, too, grabs his backpack handle from under the seat in front of him and squeezes himself to the hallway.

Warm breezes pass through the cracks between the plane door and the airport gate, making him shiver at the sudden heat. Up to the terminal, the sun's light speeds through the windows. George ignores the tempting fast food stops, preferring to have Dream take him out to eat, and speaking of which, he takes out his phone again.

I'm here, just out of the airport, he types, I just need to get through customs.

An immediate answer, *I'll be waiting for you.*

George slips the device back into his pocket and strolls along with his suitcase full of clothing, trying to hide an obvious bounce to his step. Above is the sign that directs him forward, the border control just around the corner. A short line stands before him, mellowing his excitement, but he swings back and forth on his ankles nonetheless.

Once there, the officer looks at him with an unreadable expression. Likewise, he provides his passport and receives a stamp, establishing complete and physical evidence of Form [I-94](#), proof of lawful entry. He will use this to apply for a Social Security number.

They exchange courtesy, and on the officer's half, a surprisingly kind "congratulations."

Down the terminal, his head swivels around to scan for a freshly familiar face—or at least, half of a face and a smiley mask. Next thing he knows, he hears the hard footsteps of a man in a green hoodie bolting straight towards him.

"Oh, George!"

"Dream—"

"*George!!!!*"

Hidden grins spread to their eyes the first time they see each other. George nearly falls over due to the sheer force Dream hugs him with. Actually, he's lifted off the ground in a tight squeeze, senses too overloaded with how *real* Dream is, so much so, that he doesn't even hug back at first.

"Is this okay?" A breathless, soft whisper.

George laughs, finally accustomed to the alien touch. He had agreed to it, after all. His hand comes up to gently rest on Dream's back. It's lovely.

"Yes, Dream," he giggles, "You can hug me."

Dream hugs tighter, tone smaller, "George."

"Yeah?"

"....Hi."

George can't help but laugh stupidly again, "Hello, Dream. I...Let's go to your house."

Chapter End Notes

ALSO HAPPY NEW YEAR AHAHAHA AAAA

i gave up too much of my heart tonight (can you come to where i'm staying?)

Chapter Summary

readjustment part 2

song - remember my name

Chapter Notes

hey again! i really hope i did them justice in how they'd act irl around each other. i know dream and saphnap seem to be the same but im dying to recreate how dnf is differently

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George leans on the armrest his chair provides him, legs folded neatly in front of him and knees resting on one side, while his feet rest on the other. It's a very odd way to sit in a chair if all you do is game, but he suffices. He is not actively gaming at the moment.

A lazy hand holds his head up, cheek squished into his palm as he listens into Karl's stream.

"Wait, he lives in America?" someone says, "That's so cool when you're British and you live in America—it's like, oh, Americans are so...—"

George smiles, wanting attention, "Imagine I did that. That'd be kinda cool."

"I know—it'd be so cool," Austin—he realizes—repeats.

"Imagine I—" George stutters, "Imagine I lived with Dream."

Dream chimes in, parroting, "Imagine."

"Imagine I'm moving in with Dream next week," George fans the flames.

"What?" Austin says, "Wait— could you live that far away from... the Queen?"

"I mean, I would have to go back and check in every week," George jokes.

"Just so—" Dream starts, "Just so George doesn't start a vlog part two, he's not moving in next week, just to clarify."

George laughs.

"Hashtag George moving in with Dream, get it trending," Austin encourages.

"George move in the USA!" Karl cheers, "It's happening!"

George holds his head up instead of letting it lean on his hand, intrigued, "What if Dream got me

a Green Card?"

A few moments pass. They've gone into their own little world now, like always. Practically third-wheeling every single other person in the call.

"Well, just marry me."

George responds with a light-hearted laugh.

They start teetering back and forth on the carpet, fully aware of the people surrounding them. Dream, mostly. George pats a hand on his head, combing through his hair. A baited breath coils in his lungs and he doesn't know why.

Four or five years of so-called love, he supposes.

"Hi, George."

"Yes, hello, Dream," George starts laughing, "Is that hand sanitizer in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"

"You're— *stop* ."

"Well, then are we going or not!?"

"Okay, okay," Dream loosens his grip a little until his hands just barely hold his counterpart's, tracing down the sleeves, "Wow, you didn't need to dress up for me like that. You look handsome."

"*You* should have. Of course, I did," George says, "What kind of fiancé would I be if I didn't?"

George cannot see it, but he can feel the sly smile spreading across Dream's face, "A fake one."

A slap to his shoulder, and all George gets in return is an amused wheeze. They move towards the escalators, Dream's fingers wrapped around George's. It's warm, just like he has expected it.

"*I was holding Dream's hand* ," his sleep-deprived Among Us game cackled, "*It was so warm* ."

The response he got was a laugh as equally lovely.

A calloused thumb runs over his knuckles as they wait at the baggage claim, feet fumbling. People are scattered in the lower level of the airport, onlooking as suitcases travel across the conveyor belts.

Why'd he expect it to be warm?

"Are you hungry?" Dream interrupts his thoughts.

George answers immediately, aware of his empty stomach, "I want McDonalds."

"I don't expect anything less," Dream chuckles, taking out his phone, "Take a picture?"

"What? To make Twitter break?"

Dream hums, "Precisely."

"You're crazy," George sighs, laughing, "How's the trending guy gonna write this one?"

“He’s probably waiting for us to do something at this point.”

Dream snaps a picture of one of their hands, but doesn’t upload it immediately. Soon, a couple of boxes crawl over. Dream lets go of his knuckles to grab a cart and George is left to squeeze the air, absentminded and realizing there only to be the aftermath of homeliness.

Home?

They go ahead to drag the package of computer parts along, shortly finding the exit.

“Wait, where are we putting this?” George gestures to the luggage.

Dream glances at him for a second, and looks away, “You’ll see.”

The automatic doors slide out of their way. Wheels rumble on the purposefully uneven floor before they reach the exceptional outside sun. George stares as cars speed past them, stopping occasionally to let pedestrians walk through. Feeling a nudge from Dream, he glances back to see a decently-sized limo pull up, sleek like an eel. His mouth gapes open.

“Dream??”

Dream’s eyebrows furrow with arrogant joy, “What?”

“Is this... for us?”

“Yeah? Who else?”

“Are you insane???”

This is insane.

“No??? We’re literally getting married.”

George’s hands fly up to his face, embarrassed, “You didn’t have to do that—at least save it for later, idiot.”

Dream chuckles and George watches him take their belongings to the trunk as he holds a door open, waiting expectantly. Dream catches his glance, only gesturing with a mere turn of the head to enter first. George rolls his eyes, exasperated, and continues in.

Bright LEDs line the corners. A table of McDonald’s and soda cans.

No apple juice.

George nods hesitantly at the driver and finds a place to sit. He leans his elbows on his knees, and not before long, Dream steps in and does the same, ankles touching. His face is average, George notes, with brilliant freckles sparse on his skin and a slightly raised nose bridge holding his mask. A fringe of straight hair falls in the middle of his forehead.

He makes a disgusted face.

“What?” Dream stares back.

George pokes Dream’s cheek, “You’re real.”

Dream chuckles, batting the hand away, “You’ve seen me! We’ve Facetimed before, stupid.”

“Yeah, but like, you’re *real* real. Like, you’re right in front of me.”

“Weren’t you waiting for it?” teases Dream.

The shallow rumble of the vehicle accompanies the short moment of quiet, an occasional stop triggering inertia and jostling them around.

“I mean,” George’s throat turns dry, “Yeah, but still. You’re like, 3D, now.”

“And now I can look down on you.”

George hits his shoulder for the second time and leans over to grab a chicken nugget after folding his mask under his chin. The fried skin is hot and crispy. It’ll never get old. Dream grabs a sauce packet.

“How is it?”

“Why are you asking me like it’s a three-course meal? It’s McDonald’s.”

Dream playfully scrunches an eyebrow, “I just want to make sure you’re comfortable.”

“You didn’t give me apple juice.”

“I—well. I just forgot.”

“Fanta is still nice, so,” George grabs the drink and takes a sip, “Thank you.”

“Anything for you.”

“‘Anything,’ you say?”

They both giggle.

“So...” George says, holding up his passport, “What’s next after this?”

Dream sighs, “The moving company truck will get to the house in a couple of days for the rest of your things. We’ll apply for your social security card using the I-94. Then, we get a marriage license, marry, have a wedding maybe—or if you want, we can just—I can set us up for a paper-only marriage.”

“What about the Green Card?”

“We get it after we marry.”

George groans, grabbing another nugget, and Dream pats his back, “It’ll be okay. We just gotta be patient.”

The bustling city day turns into an evening highway with lights fighting the dimness of the sky.

George changes the subject, “I think I’d rather have a paper-only marriage.”

“Aw, no wedding?”

“You know I’m not one for PDA,” George looks up at him, “Besides, what about your face?”

“With your family and mine? We can set it up virtually. Zoom weddings exist.”

“Oh, I thought you meant like, we would stream it on Twitch or something.”

Dream hums, “That’d be kinda cool, actually.”

“My family would probably want to see it,” George pauses, “It’s suspicious otherwise.”

“...Right, right. We should tell everyone, first, though,” Dream chuckles, “Bad would want to see it, Karl, Wilbur, Quackity..”

Rows of cars scatter casually on the road, driving incredible speeds. No bullet trains or subways in sight. It is like this for an inevitable while.

It’s so much different than London, George notes. In America, the cities are separated from the homes. The only long-term transportations are trains from a hundred years ago. Maybe even two hundred. George doesn’t know. He’s not a history person, let alone an American history person. In the UK, homes are integrated within the cities. Subways and bullet trains are modern and readily available to the pedestrian.

He reconsiders divorcing Dream, laughing to himself as he finishes the last of his McDonald’s meal.

They turn into an exit to a town, not necessarily big or small. Just a town. Some small shops here and there, what George supposes is the American Dream. How funny. Dream is not the slightest representation of it at all.

Well, maybe just slightly.

They pull into a street upon rows and rows of houses that are... almost identical.

“Oh God,” George steps out of the limo, and tilts his head up, “Your house is big.”

“Perks of being a Youtuber.”

“Well,” George protests, “Perks of being a *successful* Youtuber.”

“Fair, fair,” Dream says through hoisting the box of computer parts out of the trunk.

The chauffeur gives a congratulatory nod, and Dream remembers to tip them a great deal. He nudges George into the house he will now call home with all his luggage, watching the latter’s gaze travel around the walls in its relatively bare space. Dragging the boxes to George’s new room, Dream calls him over.

“I’m impressed,” George admires the paintwork and the clean wood on the floor.

Dream removes his face mask, “Impressed?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” George tears off his own, as well.

He rumbles his only suitcase next to the bed, mind feeling arid. His hands find themselves hesitating. Fingers curl out of uncertainty.

“What is it?” Dream asks.

“Can I..” George swallows, turning to him, “Can I hug you again?”

Dream envelops him in his arms, “Of course you can.”

They linger there for what feels like a lifetime, and it becomes terribly warm. The sky dims, but it doesn't help in the slightest.

"This is weird," murmurs George.

"I can't blame you," Dream releases a breath he hasn't realized he's been holding, "You'll get used to it."

George laughs softly, "Maybe Sapnap would feel less awkward."

"Oh, definitely."

George sighs, "I'm tired."

"I know you are. You wanna unpack tomorrow?"

George groggily nods into his shoulder.

The next day, Dream realizes he's forgotten to tweet the pictures he's taken, and does so that morning. Unsurprisingly, the entire timeline begins to howl like a pack of wolves, save for a few smiles from other content creators. He feels a little guilty, what with all of it being a joke to just the two of them. From his room, he walks over to George's, hesitantly cranking the knob as not to make any sound. With a gentle nudge, the door cracks open.

His "fiancé" is still pretty much passed out cold.

A fond smile warms his face as he goes downstairs to make himself breakfast, though he continues to scroll through Twitter upon his tendency to procrastinate eating. George's hands feel small and delicate the longer he stares at the images he's posted. Holdable, would be the very right word, but of course, his brain stings himself from thinking so.

Sapnap texts him: *Why is George not answering? I've called him like 20 times.*

Dream laughs, *He's dead.*

Of course he is. Hope you don't get arrested.

His elbows start to get tired from leaning on the kitchen counter, and his stomach growls. Picking himself up, he opens the fridge and carefully grabs the carton of eggs. It's very late in the morning. In fact, it's almost noon, but he doesn't plan on changing how he handles himself in regards to schedule. He never has.

It's different with George in the house. He was right—this is weird. When he had woken up, it took him a whole hour of lying in bed to acknowledge there was another person in the house. Only then did he finally start the day.

Scrambling his eggs, he watches the separation of yolk and white turn into a creamy yellow. It sizzles on the buttered pan, blue flames caressing the metal.

"Dream?!" George's voice echoes distant from upstairs, accompanied by footsteps, "Where are you? I'm lost."

"I'm in the kitchen," Dream calls back.

A moment later, a figure stumbles to the white tiles. Hair unkempt and button-up becoming

wrinkled from laying in the same position for half a day. Dream could squeeze him to bits, but turns back to the eggs to let them settle on a plate.

“It looks good,” George says, “I’m surprised.”

“Thank you for the back-handed compliment.”

“You’re very welcome, Dream,” George yawns, dragging his fingers down his face and blinking slowly, “Can I—Would you be okay if I...”

“What is it?”

“Hugged you again?”

“I told you, you don’t have to ask,” Dream giggles, “I thought you didn’t like hugs?”

George mumbles something incoherent and Dream leaves it at that.

“Go brush your teeth. And change into pajamas or something. You look awful.”

“Thanks,” George says flatly, “At least let me eat first.”

Dream’s heart ripples when George presses his face into the center of his back. It blazes, “Of course.”

They settle quietly on the granite island after Dream feeds Patches. All three of them wolf down their food—a nice, small family gathering of two soon-to-be-husbands and a cat. Not long after, George starts hiccuping.

“Was it really that good?” Dream giggles.

“Shut— *hic* —up. I was just hungry. Hold— *hic* —on.”

Dream watches in fond, confused awe as George grabs his water and sips in a mouthful, leaning all the way back on his stool and trying to gulp it. It is unsurprising that he finds the latter crashing on the ground and Patches scrambles away from the loud clang. Dream bursts into a fit of wheezes.

“ *What* ,” he tries to say, “was *that* .”

“Ow! Okay,” George coughs, “I think that worked. Hey! It worked!”

“What worked?” Dream is interrupted by his own fit of laughter again, “Are you trying to die the first day you’re here? What were you trying to do?”

George steadies himself up, “Well, when you drink water upside-down, it gets rid of the hiccups.”

“I have never heard that in my life.”

“You’re lying. There’s no way,” George says, righting the chair, “It’s on WikiHow.”

“Why do you go on WikiHow.”

“ ...I was kidding. But it worked.”

Dream will give him that, he supposes. When they’re finished, Dream takes George’s plate away, despite protest.

“I’m not letting you be a housewife in your *own home* , Dream, at least let me do the dishes.”

“I’m not being a housewife. And I think if someone chooses to be a housewife, that’s totally fine, but, just have me treat you for today, okay? You’re literally in horrible, terrible condition.”

George laughs breathlessly, “You really think so?”

Dream hums confirmation.

George shakes his head fondly, slipping away from the kitchen. Then, he pauses.

“Shit. Where’s the bathroom?”

“Upstairs, turn right.”

“Thanks.”

“To turn on the shower, pull the knob out and turn it to whatever temperature you want. Push it back in to turn it off.”

The response Dream hears is an appreciative grunt. It almost goes unnoticed due to the sound of the sink. He sighs, scrubbing soap over porcelain as the water turns warm. His mind drones impatient, yet empty, like a rabbit tapping its foot. Setting the dishes on the drying rack, he wipes his hands on his shirt. Patches trots around his feet, and he scratches behind her ear.

“Sorry ‘bout that, sweetie,” he coos, “He’s usually better than this.”

She lets out an indifferent meow and Dream leaves to go up to his room. He collapses on his bed, exhaling through the blankets. Then, his phone vibrates.

Clay! A text from his mother, I hear George arrived. Terra said she wanted to meet him. I bought treats.

Dream’s mouth gapes, turning into a panicked grimace. Of course, this is not the response you would want to show to your mother at all. He stretches, trying to think of a reply.

That’d be great, Mom. Thanks ! He puts a smile, When were you thinking of visiting? I still have to help George unpack.

Of course, dear. We were thinking of the weekend.

He checks the date—Thursday.

Fuck , he thinks to himself. His fingers hover over the keys, Yeah, that sounds great. I’m sure George will be excited to finally meet you. He’s still in the jet-lag stage.

Hahaha, I understand. I better not catch you treating him poorly.

Of course not. I made him breakfast this morning.

That’s my boy.

The sound of the shower shutting off catches his attention. Dream plays with his fingernails in anticipation, and resumes chittering on Twitter. Unsurprisingly, they’re trending, still, an hour after he’s posted their pictures. He goes to the description.

DreamNotFound, trending with dnf: Minecraft Youtubers and fiancés Dream and GeorgeNotFound meet each other in the Orlando International Airport, where Dream had uploaded a picture of them holding hands and showing off their engagement rings.

The next tweet under it: “if dnf isn’t canon, then why—”

Dream lets out a hearty laugh. They really were freaks, him and George. He doesn’t know how they’ve managed it this far.

His door opens. George, now in the familiar plain house clothes he is used to, stands by the frame.

“Good morning,” Dream gets up and greets him, “Part two. Let’s unpack your stuff?”

“What’re you laughing at?”

“Twitter.”

“Of course, you are.”

A pocket knife rides over the tape, revealing styrofoam, plastic, and metal. With meticulous care, Dream sets the two monitors on the desk, followed by the keyboard and the mouse. Next are the cables, which he sets aside in a drawer, the packet of bolts, and the graphics card. George comes up behind him with his hard drive and motherboard. Dream slides over a tool kit.

They slide the case out, and Dream hands him a screwdriver.

“I don’t wanna mess anything up for you, so I’ll just—I’m not really— if you want me to do anything, just ask.”

“I was about to say the same thing,” George snarkily adds, flipping the case to its side.

Dream leaves him be, flopping down on his—George’s—bed, “Oh yeah, my mom said she wanted to visit with Terra this weekend. They’re excited to see you.”

“Oh,” George perks up unexpectedly, “I’m the same.”

“Really?”

“Your Mum and I didn’t get off the worst of meetings. Of course I’d like to see them.”

Dream chuckles, “Oh yeah. Forgot about that.”

“That’s a lie.”

“You’re right. It is a lie.”

“Yeah, I learned something called *friendship hacks* in university.”

“Yeah? Well, I learned it all on my own.”

They both giggle. Dream shuffles around the covers as he watches George weave his delicate hands around the machinery. It looks awfully boring.

“Do you want us—Is it okay if we—Are we just acting like we usually do?”

“What do you mean ‘usually?’” There is a relieving playfulness in George’s tone.

“You know what I mean.”

“Well, give me some time. I can’t even fathom you right in front of me, let alone act like a couple,” George laughs nervously, “You’re like a golden retriever.”

“Does that make you a catboy?” Dream shoots back.

George freezes screwing in his GPU, “Don’t you ever dare call me that again. Hearing that come out of your mouth is *disgusting*. This is what I’m talking about—you like, drool all over me.”

“Oh, you *love* that, don’t you?”

George makes a gagging noise, resuming in installing his GPU, “I don’t remember you being this gross.”

“Poor memory, then.”

George only scoffs.

“Exactly, exactly.”

They fall to a silence, squeaky bolts and creaky metal aside. There are plenty more to go through—his chair, his clothing, blankets. Dream doesn’t know how they’ll fall into routine. He knows it’ll happen eventually, but the action of starting is troublesome. He knows George isn’t as touchy as he is, and he has to respect that.

But God, he won’t know how to bear it. The realization comes to him: He truly is like a dog.

“I’m gonna go set us up an appointment,” he says, wanting an escape.

“For what?”

“Your social security.”

“Oh, yeah. Do that.”

“Don’t get stuck in the PC, George.”

“Can you please shut up.”

The office schedules them for a few days later.

“Are you sure you’re fine with me being all... touchy with you?”

Dream is lying on his own bed, phone on his chest and airpods snug in his ears. George’s voice crackles through, a little raspy.

“I’m—I don’t even know. I mean, yeah, but it’s like I have to learn you all over again.”

“It’ll be okay. It’s just us. In physical form.”

Blankets shift over the static, “Now I got to train myself to not think about a green square when I fall asleep.”

“You think about me when you fall asleep?”

“What? No—You know what I meant!”

Dream responds with an unexpectedly loud laugh. The other can probably hear it through the house. It’s not even that funny, but he finds a lot of things George says incredulously funny anyways.

He coughs; sleep deprivation crawls in his throat, “I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me, too.”

A second later, he hears faint and unconscious mumbling, allowing him to finally pass out.

The couch is nice, soothing their tension as the doorbell rings. George, who has been swinging his legs anticipately for the past hour, perks up. It’s a good kind of nervous.

Dream clicks the door open, followed by a quieting conversation.

“Promise me you’ll be nice to your brother’s fiancé, Terra,” Dream’s mother warns.

Terra hums, not giving a definitive answer, tugging her mask down to show a bright smile to Dream. George dreadfully realizes she is just as tall as himself, along with the crazed eyes of a typical, young teenager. This is not a good combination.

“Clay!”

“Hi, Mom. Hi, Terra.”

Dream’s mother turns to each of them, the same height as Terra, if not taller, “Hello, Clay. And hello, George. It’s nice to finally meet you. I know our circumstances aren’t really the best,” she chuckles, “I would’ve met you a long time ago. You’re much more handsome in person.”

“Hi, Mrs. Block,” George says awkwardly, “Yeah, it’s like learning Dream backwards.”

Mrs. Block hums contentedly, “No need for formalities, just call me Sandy.”

He nods an enthusiastic “okay!” and shakes her hand.

“Clay was dying,” Terra sneers, “to meet you.”

George giggles, “Was he?”

“I remember one—no, like a month’s worth of nights at the dinner table, he kept mentioning you, and,” she laughs, “He was like—”

“That’s enough, Terra,” Dream pushes away her face, “Let’s get the rest of the groceries.”

“I’m very glad at least Tommy knows you’re not funny. How does George deal with you?”

George sputters in amusement, hiccuping as he laughs. They proceed to the driveway, which leaves him wondering why Dream even has one, because he doesn’t have a car.

“Listen, listen, I am plenty funny,” Dream protests, “People laugh at my jokes.”

“People laugh at *you* .”

George turns a discrete face to Sandy, “They sure do get along.”

“Oh, absolutely,” Sandy merely chuckles—the exact way Dream does, he notes, “Hope this whole pandemic brushes over. I’d love to see your family.”

He looks around to find comforting words, knowing the disturbing truth of that fate, “I’m sure it’ll pass soon. They’d like to meet you, too.”

They bring about a week or so’s worth of food in the house and set them on the counter. Dream and Sandy start storing in the fridge, meanwhile Terra swipes an apple, rubbing it clean with her hoodie, and holds it out to him. Likewise, George makes a reach for it, a “thank you” on the tip of his tongue, only for the apple to be yanked back.

“On second thought,” Terra threatens, “Tell me what color this is,”

George’s face drops. Normally, he would’ve laughed and rolled his eyes, but with a daring face seeming to hold him at gunpoint, he freezes and looks at the apple in her grasp.

“Uhhh.... yellow?”

“Green,” she holds it out again, “Do you like sour?”

“I dislike it.”

Terra only giggles, retracting the apple for herself, and he concludes he will have to be wary of any tall child ever. Hearing the fridge close, they turn and Dream hands him a glass of apple juice. George hesitates.

“For you to dip your apples in, you weirdo,” his fiancé says.

“I just got here, and the family is bullying me already,” George drawls.

“Well... not the *entire* family, yet.”

“Right. There’s more of you Blocks.”

So there they were, Sandy Block, Terra Cotta Block, Clay “Dream” Block, and George soon-to-be Block. Oh, and Patches, of course.

“Yeah!” Terra giggles, “Maybe another time. They’re in self-quarantine, the other three. At the lakehouse.”

“Oh my,” George notes, trying to poise himself, “I hope they’re doing well.”

“But!” she claps her hands, “Now you’re gonna help me do a vampire ritual. Come on!”

“Terra, we should leave them be,” Sandy says, “George still needs some time settling down.”

Terra grunts, but shrugs in defeat, “Okay, Mom.”

Sandy turns to them, “Clay told me that you like chocolate covered raisins, so I bought some.”

The sweets, George notices, are the only other things left on the counter. It’s certainly another pleasant surprise.

“Oh, thank you.”

Dream reaches over his shoulder to grab a pack. He pops a random one in his mouth, and another

piece he holds up to George's face.

"Aaahh," he sticks out his tongue.

George smiles fondly, catching the treat in his teeth and also nearly biting Dream's fingernails, "You're weird."

"*I'm* weird?"

"I suppose it's subjective."

"Extremely."

He can hear Terra make a gagging noise before they huddle in a hug, which is significantly more awkward than any other social interaction he's contributed, but he concludes it isn't terrible. There is still a chance that Dream can do a lot worse.

They wave softly and part with cheerful goodbyes as the two leave for the car, Terra still wearing a mischievous smile as her mother backs out of the driveway. The door clicks closed, and Dream presses his back against the wall, sinking down slightly. An audible sigh stumbles from his lips and George laughs.

"What are you sighing for?"

"Family is embarrassing sometimes."

"They're lovely," George reassures, "God, when yours and mine meet, it's gonna be a party."

Dream chuckles a bit, "It's odd. We marry first, and *then* you meet my parents. And *then* you learn all the little things about me."

"Well, I knew them a little beforehand. It's forgiving, considering our circumstances. No one will think it's weird."

"We should have planned this out a little better."

"Oh, definitely."

Tomorrow becomes today. The giant truck rattles the wall of metal away. Dream and George sign off the contract, and pay them off as items get unloaded into the house. Thankfully, it's not terribly too much. George takes in the now limited expanse of his room, reminding him of his home in London—boxes and boxes that he had never bothered to throw out until recently.

"Where's the diamond sword you got?" Dream asks.

"It's somewhere in there."

Dream starts to shuffle around, pulling out one of George's many hoodies. An absentminded thumb runs over the delicate, red embroidery in the middle.

"Sad I can't wear this."

George perks his head over from the other side of the room, "I mean, you still can—wait, no, actually, don't do that. You'll rip it."

Dream chuckles, “You still thinkin’ about wearing one of mine?”

George laughs, flustered, “You’re an idiot. Well—maybe I could.”

“Why? ‘Cause it’s funny?”

“It’s a little funny.”

Dream laughs, resuming to the packages, “You’re an idiot.”

They go through several items—the one-and-a-half inch elephant, his own Youtooz, the scooter that they plan to store in the garage, his colorblind glasses, a Minecraft Steve head.

George starts to rearrange them on his desk.

The rest of his pajamas, part of a tuxedo set, a Youtooz of Dream, a lava lamp, an electric guitar that he has yet to learn to play, his recorder, a baseball bat, headphones, his microphone and its stand, a disassembled chair, juggling balls, soundproof padding, pillow sheets and sports awards.

“Do you need anything else?” Dream asks, hanging by the door.

“No, I can fix it up on my own,” George says simply, “But... stay here?”

“Oh,” The doorknob stops mid-click, “Okay.”

George starts to sort out the parts of his gaming chair, readying the Allen key in his hand. He hears the bed creak and the ground shudder when Dream collapses on his bed, probably running through the serotonin-providers on his phone.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, the door hangs ajar. No one is there, until he looks at the floor. Patches nudges through and twitches her whiskers at the boxes strewn across.

“Pspspsp,” George calls over, beckoning with his fingers, “C’mere!”

“What?” Dream says.

George turns his head to the other, who is waiting for a response, “What?”

“What did you want me for?”

George stares at him, bewildered, “Wha—I was calling Patches.”

Dream looks to the side, “...Oh. Hi, sweetie—”

A maniacal laughter bursts from George’s lungs and he nearly drops the bolt he is screwing in, “You—I wasn’t even calling for you!”

Dream turns red, stuttering, “Well—Listen, okay—That’ wasn’t—You, like, almost always do that to me, so, I mean, what do I say? What do you want me to say to that?”

“You are the prime example of a golden retriever. I am Pavlov and you are the dog.”

“Well then, you’re a catboy. I wonder what kind of cat you’d be. British shorthair? Well, actually, you do tend to like gray tabbies a lot.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop, I’ll stop,” George giggles, “Don’t do that to me.”

He pushes the chair so it rolls over the floor and stretches. Soon, he finds himself lazing next to Dream on the mattress, letting out a yawn. Patches hops onto the bed, and right onto his stomach. He tries to suppress the pained sound that comes out of his mouth, but alas fails and croaks awkwardly.

His hands hover hesitantly around her body, “You’re so cute, but please get off.”

Dream finally notices, “Oh, what? Patches, be nice.”

Patches starts kneading her paws into his chest. He expects her to be taken off the next second, but is instead greeted with a phone camera over his head.

“Dream, oh my God,” George says, exasperated, “What are you doing—HAHA—ow!”

“Getting a new background picture.”

“*Dream* . Please.”

“The stans’ll *love* this.”

“You’re actually so,” he strangles through being tickled, “ridiculous.”

Dream only giggles, tucking away his phone. His tender hands carry Patches comfortably away and her limbs elongate due to the nature of felines. A low grumble accompanies the protraction of her claws. He sets her aside on a nearby blanket.

“She seems to like you.”

“Why wouldn’t she?”

“You’re like a... pussy magnet.”

“*Dream* ,” George grabs a pillow and slams it into Dream’s face.

“Pffff— *what* ?”

“I—nevermind.”

Dream ceases his messing around, preferring to rest his head against George’s thigh. As a reflex, George nearly jerks his knee up, but refrains as a precaution of giving his best friend a minor concussion. Carefully, he sinks his fingers into the other’s hair. It’s like silk. Dream, at first, tenses up, but presses back. George thinks that perhaps Dream is both a dogboy and a catboy. Then, he scratches the thought away. He never wants those words to occupy his mind ever again.

Dream shifts, “What do you want to do?”

“I dunno. This... this is fine. For now.”

“I think I like that,” Dream says, “Do you want to mess with Twitter?”

George giggles, “How?”

Dream stretches over to show his phone screen. The picture that he took was, in fact, a video.

“This is so good,” he grins, “Can I tweet it?”

“Dream, no.”

“Please??? It’s cute.”

“You think me being tortured by your cat is *cute* ?”

“You’re—George, you’re not being tortured. That is *not* torture.”

“Okay, you know what? Fine, do it.”

They lie there for the next hour, anticipating the next crisis that the trending description manager will have to deal with.

“So,” Dream points at the older girl, “This is my other sister, Porcelain,” he then goes to a younger boy, “This is Brick, my younger brother,” and finally to an older man, “And that’s my Dad. His name’s Iron.”

They haven’t budged from the bed one bit, or at least in the way they haven’t planned to do anything at all. Dream holds out a photo album in front of them with George’s head on his stomach. Dream notes that George is not as anti-affection as he says so, or at least, not at this moment.

“Wait. Wait—hold on, *what* ?”

“What?”

“Why is your family full of like, earthenwares or something? You got sand, variations of clay, a metal—”

Dream wheezes.

“—no wonder you’re messed up, you’re family’s crazy. This has to be a lie—”

“George! I was kidding—I’m joking. It’s an inside joke. My older sister is actually named Marylin and my brother is named Rick.”

“You’re—” George giggles, “You’re so stupid. And your father?”

“Aaron.”

All George can do is roll his eyes. Iron. Aaron. Iron Block. Aaron Block.

“You know, before you were GeorgeNotFound, I always thought your name was George High Definition. Like, from GeorgeeeHD.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised.”

“I’m glad I gave you the name NotFound, though.”

George huffs, “Why?”

Dream bends so that their faces are close.

“Because I can brag about finding you.”

George pushes him away and Dream emits a garbled laughter, “You’re—oh my God—stop. How

does your family *deal* with you?"

"They don't," Dream sneers, "Now that they have you."

George thinks he can do anything, or at least, just at this moment. He knows he shouldn't.

Chapter End Notes

don't forget to like comment annddd subscribe. i have Plannnnssss babyyy. also! not to make you listen to 48393 songs but the titles of these chapters are indeed the intro lines to mitski songs and the plot doesn't exactly need them to function but it pieces better together knowing their lyrical significance in the later chapters :)

i know i admit it, but why won't you chase after me?

Chapter Summary

shattering point

Chapter Notes

song - why didn't you stop me?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Some tea and crumpets,” George sneers lightheartedly, “Go have some tea and crumpets, Wilbur, you silly... English person.”

“Why—what is your—where are you getting that from?” Wilbur croaks.

Puffy laughs, “How are you mocking another British person?”

George doesn’t know why he did that, cackling anyway, “I don’t know.”

“Wait, George is British?” Karl jokes.

It’s a little after a Minecraft Championship tournament and George has just won with his team: The Fuschia Frankensteins, with the Dream Team(plus Karl). For now, a handful of them are hanging around the SMP server doing silly things and saying silly sentences—whatever that means. George clicks animatedly on his keyboard, though a little delirious as his character bounces around the very deep stone pit. He forgets why it’s there.

“Isn’t that Karl’s job?” Puffy asks.

“George—” Wilbur starts, a little less lightheartedly, “George, you don’t have to take out the fact that you’re not as near to Dream you wish you could be out on me, okay?”

George laughs weakly. Guilty. He doesn’t know what to say but to take the insult. Well, it’s not an insult, per se, but it did hurt just a little. He fake cries on the stream.

“Woah,” says Puffy.

“Wow,” Karl comments, “I’m actually kind of shaking right now.”

Dream hears George sigh as their Uber drops the both of them back home from the Social Security office. They had agreed to issue a temporary identification in order to marry, and if he chooses to change his last name, he can come back afterwards and correct it. George giggles.

“What?” Dream says fondly, cramming his mask into his pocket, “What are you laughing about?”

“‘George Block.’ I think that’s funny.”

Dream sputters at the name, “You think us marrying is funny?”

“Imagine a whole Minecraft block for *me* . That’s funny.”

“We can make that happen. It’s just a texture pack.”

“No, I mean, Mojang making a whole block with, like, different functions and reasons. For *me* .”

Dream rolls his eyes, “Of course you’d think that’s funny.”

“How is it not??”

Dream gives him a chuckle, “It’s not funny, George.”

“You’re laughing!”

Dream shuts his mouth, “No. I’m not.”

George pouts, making an audible and childish whimper. Both of them know it is not that funny at all. Keys jingle and click against the lock. The house smells fresh for no particular reason other than it is home.

“What should we do today?” Dream asks.

“I kinda wanna stream. Do you want to join?”

“Later. I want to take a nap.”

“Wha—you just asked me what we wanted to do today.”

Dream merely shrugs, smiling smug, “I dunno. Figured I’d just do whatever you were doing.”

George looks at him fondly, eyes softening as he recognizes Dream’s tiredness, “Just go to sleep.”

The door shuts behind them, both nudging their shoes off and setting them aside. Upstairs, they lead ways into their separate rooms. It seems to have been a very off day.

Dream’s eyes wash over the forms [I-134](#) and [I-485](#) that are meant to be filed later for the green card. His fingers pull at the skin on his face as a sign of impatience and exhaustion. He struggles in maintaining himself as he lies on his bed and brushes the hair out of his eyes. Marriage is a ton of work, much more than he has ever expected.

Well, whatever to get George here. And now he is, but with precautions.

He is like a dog—he can probably write an essay on George. All his little mannerisms, meticulous analysis. His mind runs on a tangent. It’s done that before, he just finds himself doing it more often—someone will bring up a topic and he’ll go from there. From colors to Finding Nemo to anything clout-goggle-shaped. And more obvious ones like four hundred and four and the supreme logo. Maybe even the color blue and chocolate raisins.

He notices how George only brushes his teeth for forty seconds; notices how he lingers in the shower for a little bit longer than him because he’s trying to find a squeegee to clean the walls and realizes people don’t do that; how he’s always in front of the fan because of the Florida heat; rests his head on his hands as a comfort mechanism. His body language is his personality. All he has is

the plainest clothes in the world and yet manages to be very pretty— *pretty? so, so pretty*—in every single one.

Dream finds it very endearing. He asks himself if that's allowed. No answer.

For a long time, he's noticed that George will cover his face when flustered. He's a full-fledged brat—the perfect example of the youngest child. Naturally, when sleep deprived, he will be more flirty. Dream loves sleep-deprived George.

He wonders if George does the same to him, but doubts it. He would crave for that to be true, but reconsiders how partly unsettling to know someone so intimately—a double edged sword.

His mind goes back to talking about George moving in, what'd they'd do, looking at the specific UK travel ban rules, telling off BadBoyHalo about when it'll lift.

“Dream—Ahahaaa,” George had laughed on the call, “Look at this meme.”

He was sent an image presumably from George's Twitter timeline depicting a dachshund on a kitchen counter. The caption went something like this: “Why is George mocking a British accent?” the man, whose face was replaced by Sapnap's skin, asked. The other panel detailed a lady sitting on a chair, whose face was replaced by his own skin, going, “He likes to feel American.”

Ironically, George was the dog.

Dream remembers saving it, lazily scrolling through his digital album in an irrational rush of fondness. A blur of pixels runs past his thumb before he lands on the right one, giving him reason to let out a tiny huff from his nose. Before thinking about it any further, a compilation of George laughing lulls him to a pitiful, sweet darkness.

George gasps, trying desperately to tap the keyboard as a means to run away.

“Oh my God—I'm gonna die to this wither skeleton, aren't I—NO—I just barely survived that.”

He's travelling through a fortress built in a soul sand valley, packed to the brim with mobs of all kinds. Even worse, it's considered lucky if he finds a fortress at all. Deep down, he knows he is not built to be a speedrunner. He's been in this world for two hours, after all—way past any of the top records. A donation jingles to the side and he checks to see.

“Have you and Dream gone out on a date yet?” George reads, laughing nervously, “A sushi date would be nice—oh, OH—”

The chat spams, indicating their ears have bursted after he dies to a ghast. A familiar red overlay with two options— *Respawn* and *Title Screen* —stares back at him.

“Ughhh,” he uncovers his face from disappointed hands, making a pained expression and turning to his other monitor, “Sorry, guys. I lost.”

A gentle knock startles him, makes him shift in his chair. He looks behind, seeing the door slightly ajar, and thankfully away from the camera's view. Dream sleepily waves to him. With a quick hand, George guides his mouse to click off the webcam.

“Dream!” George puts his headphones on the desk, “Did I—Did I wake you up?”

The chat roars, probably enough to crash the site. Dream only nods, a soft grumble escapes from

his lips.

“Oh, oops, LOL. Sorry, Dream.”

Dream walks over to wrap his arms around him and his affection unintentionally sets him aflame, “It’s fine, it’s fine. What were you doing?”

“Just speedrunning—Abby, thank you so much for the five gifted subs!”

“I can help you,” Dream relaxes more, “If you wanted me to.”

“Sure,” George giggles, “How? I’m—I just can’t do everything...*fast* enough.”

Dream leans in closer, “You can—I can have you sit on me. On my lap.”

George draws in a breath with a slight shiver, eyes widening. He tries his best to play it off, but chases its intriguing possibility, “*Dream*—what?”

A chime of coins cricket quietly from his desk—the donatio: *Have you cuddled yet ?* comes to life and he lets it pass away, left to rot.

“Well, I can... uhh,” Dream stumbles, “Your hands.”

George passes a glance at the screen, and returns Dream’s suggestion with a lost look, “My hands?”

“Okay, look—I’ll show you what I mean,” Dream pauses a little, then going, “If you let me.”

George gives him a look—one that dares him to stab his own core out. Hesitantly, he unfolds his legs and lets his feet hit the floor. Dream grabs the chair over, plopping himself down without a care in the world and crossing his legs, the bastard. He beckons him with open arms and a puppy smile.

Are you okay with this? Is the silent question. He wonders who is the one asking; it turns out to be him hoping.

George answers by engulfing himself into Dream’s arms on his own and folds his legs beneath him, criss-crossed.

Oh God, it’s so warm. So, so warm. A euphoria rises up his lungs. It is an insanely odd way to sit, but it’s comfortable. They slide up to the keyboard, wheels rumbling.

“Oh,” George clicks out of his silence, “My controls—they’re left-handed.”

“Can I reset them?”

“How will I learn that way?” He laughs

“I—Well, I dunno. I mean, I guess you’ll pick up something.”

He hesitates, “...Fine.”

Dream switches the mouse to the other side and lays his fingers on the pads. They turn to the default keys, save for R for run, and F for perspective.

“Put your hands on top of mine.”

The question lights up an appetite. And so George devours.

He gets dizzy trying to become familiar with Dream's calloused knuckles and defined veins and splatter of freckles; his skin being subject to many, many cuts and sunburns and scars; compares them to his own, small hands. Pays attention to his shapely nails, how his fingers are almost all the same size. He lets himself giggle silently.

His palms feel pin pricks all over. He asks himself if that's allowed—the answer is no.

He tries dragging his eyes back to the game. Even when drowsy, Dream is quick to play—it's been in his blood, after all. George knows how he gets when he takes something seriously. He'll go months on end, a relentless rampage of self consumption. Puts in his all and analyzes every little detail of what could go worse and what could go better. Memorizes it like his own creation.

Lord, if Minecraft were a subject, Dream would have a PhD.

They start in a new world, jumping around in a plains biome. George can only imagine Dream's brain is going a million miles an hour, eyes flitting from one end of the screen to the other in search of something useful.

"Oh, you know what we should do?" Dream asks.

Timidly, "What should we do?"

"We should do a handcam. People have been dying for one."

I can be patient with you, George almost hears Dream say. His imagination is a wish.

"... I wouldn't mind," he finally answers.

He reaches up to the camera and tilts it down on the desk. Dream looks to the OBS Streamlabs application to position it correctly. For everyone to see. He feels so bad for his moderators.

They start playing again and Dream starts to ramble, fingers flying at insanely fast paces to keys he hasn't used in a long, long time. He shuffles his legs because he doesn't know what to do with them. There is no space.

"George! You sit so weirdly," Dream comments.

George scoffs, "What? You sit criss-cross. We *both* sit weirdly."

"Well, I didn't say I *wasn't* weird."

They giggle, the vibration of Dream's laughter hovering closely at George's back. It sends a slight, pleasant shock up his own lungs as he breathes in—welcoming with caution. Their rings clink against each other like lovely marble.

Dream relaxes his focus, letting George take control. Fuck, these are right-handed controls.

"Dream... uh... hold on," he takes a moment to think, registering his right hand with the mouse, with the right fingers, with the right buttons; his left hand on WASD instead of his usual right on the usual TFGH, "O...kayy."

"There you go," Dream murmurs patiently, "There's a village over there."

George sucks a tentative breath in, "I know what a village is, Dream, I'm not a noob."

“I mean, you *are* playing with your hands switched.”

“I—what? That doesn’t make me forget what I village is. I’ve played like this before. Just... not in a long while. And also, why, out of the first seed you play on we get a village, huh?” George teases, “That’s like one in seven point five trillion cha—”

“Shut up.”

Their playfulness threatens to cut deeper. Dream presses his cheek to the side of George’s temple, nudges his forehead at his neck oh so sweetly. A breath ghosts past his eyebrow scar, down his ear, straight into the beating blood in his ribs.

George wants to hold it for him. He doesn’t want to let it go.

His mind stutters as he tries to process the touch. The arrangement of keys in front of him turns into a glowy mess. His attention from the game has long drifted away into a radioactive shutdown.

Oh, fuck.

“*Dream*, stop—,” George drags his head to the side, his own hands fly to his face to cover up the embarrassing pink on his cheeks— *too much, too much, too much* —One pair of hands remain on the webcam, all alone, “Seriously, don’t.”

“What?” Dream taunts.

George’s heart falters, “Dream, you’re—you’re hurting me.”

“I’m hurting you?” A beat of silence and fondness, shortly followed with, “‘M sorry,” he mumbles and pulls his face away.

George almost misses it. No, he definitely does.

It takes them twenty minutes to find a lava pool, and even then, there is no fortress on the other side. Dream grunts in frustration.

“I’m—I think I’ll end the stream,” George offers, “Who should I raid?”

The chat is full of disappointments and various names and ludicrous questions.

“I’m sorry guys, I’m really tired,” George manages out, “I—ahahha—I have to take care of... the *green guy*. Bye everyone!”

He chooses a random streamer to host—Minx is online—and shakes his hands awkwardly in front of his keyboard. Dream does the same.

George flings himself out of the chair, clamps the side of his neck irrationally. His heart feels like ice, “*Dream*, what *was* that?”

Chapter End Notes

ehheeee sorry for the rather short chapter today but i really wanted to keep you guys on your toes, now that it gets spicy. i feel an evil surge in me. i plan to update....

soon....be there or be SQUUAARREE

also dw about me burning out from posting so fast bc i have most of it pre-written and im just handling the editing very VERY delicately. i hope most of it is alright but if you wanna notify me of any grammar/spelling mistakes thats pretty poggers(although sometimes i neglect grammar for writing style)

also some of u were confused so here's a slight explanation: george realizes how close he is and breaks apart

i don't know what to do without you, i don't know where to put my hands

Chapter Summary

acceptance

song - francis forever

Chapter Notes

scratches head..... ahah.... hi

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream huffs, tapping his fingers on his keyboard, "I'll—I'll fight you in sumo when you're in my house and have the same ping as me and I will destroy you."

"One m—," George's expression immediately flips on the stream, "When I'm in your house?"

Then, he turns his head, looking at the chat to see their reactions like a theater kid who's just nailed his monologue. Dream rolls his eyes.

"Yeah," he says without a care in the world.

"Did you just leak that, Dream?"

"Well, no, we're obviously gonna meet at some point."

"Oh, obviously."

Dream rolls his eyes—exasperated and endeared.

"Wha—What was what?" Dream stands up, face now fully stricken with concern, "Did I... I'm sorry. That was unnecessary."

Oh God, why did I have to freak out like that.

"No, it's okay, the camera wasn't even on us. It was just... just a little much. I got a bit overwhelmed. Surprised, is all."

"No, no, it's not okay," Dream steps closer, "You—I made you uncomfortable. I wasn't thinking."

"You're fine, Dream. You're fine. I just... I don't know. I'm still not used to it."

They fall to a cold silence, Minx shouting joy in the background, "George! Oh my God, thank you so much for the raid. Go take care of your boyfriend, or whatever."

George flinches, and Dream gives him the most pitiful look. The monitors' light pierces through

their terrible tension. Dream steps forward again.

“I don’t think it was silly,” he croaks, “I... wanted to be close to you.”

A roar of flares throughout George’s skin, stumbles over his words for an excuse, for *something* , “That’s okay. I don’t dislike that—in front of *them* , though. It’s... it’s a little scary.”

“I get it, I get it. I’m.. I’m sorry.”

“Just leave it. You don’t have to be.”

“No, I want to be. I know we do this as an act, but I don’t want to hurt you.”

“It’s—ignore it, ignore it.”

“I—Okay,” Dream says timidly, “Are you sure?”

George nods. Dream gestures with his hands, “...hug?”

Like that, George sinks into his arms, “That’s pretty pogchamp.”

A warm chuckle rumbles from Dream’s chest and it bounces back on George’s body in a calm reverberation. They start to sway again and it’s like they’ve met each other for the first time again. He thinks he wants to stay like this forever.

But oh, God , why did he have to freak out like that?

The other half of the family comes a few days later. George is riddled with anxiety—he’s never talked to them at all, or got a clue what they seemed like through Dream’s perspective.

Not that it would help terribly much. It feels as though Dream doesn’t talk to them as often as the other two.

Rick suddenly says, “Sorry our brother's literally crazy.”

“Rick!” Marilyn scolds, “Be courteous.”

George decides he takes a liking to Rick and laughs, “It’s nice meeting you.”

Dream’s father nods, “Good to know Clay has someone.”

Has someone , the words wriggle in George’s head. Technically, that is true.

They hang in the living room, having a nice cup of whatever they prefer on the couch.

Aaron Block seems to be a pleasant person. No total opinion yet, other than relatively quiet. He’s heard he and Dream didn’t get along as smoothly in the past, but then again, Dream wasn’t that easy to get along with as a child. At the same time, it’s not his fault the education system isn’t built for him; of course he would have trouble.

George’s expression softens thinking about it—young Dream designing entire websites in HTML and writing stories and doodling all of his fantasies. Of course, it’s a double-edged sword with him. Poor kid couldn’t keep up with school.

But here he is now, leaning against him so tantalizingly close, hand around his shoulder. George

takes another sip of his Twitch cup, weighing it around in his hands. It is nearly empty.

“So, how did that long distance hold up? It must’ve been hard,” Aaron says.

“We just... talked. Every single day,” George answers, “On call.”

Marilyn nods, surprised, “I see. You met online, right? Sorry, we’ve been so distant. Never got around to asking.”

“It’s okay. It’s been hard. So, how it started was, I was looking for a coder on a website and he happened to answer,” Dream explains, “And then I was like ‘no, no, I’ll learn how to code myself, nevermind,’ and never answered him again. And *then* we happened to, like, play on the same servers and develop with the same people, became best friends and all that. Eventually, we decided to make videos together and... hit it off, I guess. A year or two ago.”

Come with me, George remembers Dream saying. He wonders if it was originally a taunt at this point.

“Pretty fast for a relationship,” Aaron comments, “I mean, I’m not judging.”

“Well, if you marry your best friend, you’re seventy percent less likely to divorce,” Marilyn justifies, “Pretty solid.”

“I really wanted to fly him out before, but then corona happened, so we were like, ‘Well, let’s get married, anyway,’” Dream says.

Rick hums, “You’re insane.”

This conversation isn’t really cut out for the partly spontaneous and poorly constructed marriage between two friends—*best friends?*—Rick is absolutely right: their relationship is completely backwards and they are completely insane.

“So, when’s the wedding?”

George and Dream both freeze. Dream starts to stutter.

“We haven’t—It’s been a little hard to set up since all there’s available are zoom call weddings and I mean—you know, George just got here—we didn’t even know if he’d be allowed to marry. We just got home from the social security office the other day, so we’ll be starting to set it up soon, and like, we still need to get the marriage license and get a priest for it and we—”

George playfully covers his mouth, “They get it, they get it, Dream. I know you love to ramble.”

The rest of the family chuckles.

“We’ll give you the link when it happens,” George finishes for him.

Marilyn finishes the rest of her coffee, “That’s wonderful.”

George says they are very hard to talk to after they leave. Dream agrees.

They find George’s social security information in the mail just before their patience runs out, so now, they can finally apply for a marriage license. George bursts into an unprecedented laughter as they try to fill out the form online, nearly toppling their shared chair over.

“We’re getting e-married—Oh my God, that’s so funny.”

Dream tries to comment, then clacks his teeth together again, “Okay, I guess you aren’t wrong.”

George settles his giggling to copy his data over.

“What do you want our wedding to be like?” Dream asks.

“Hm... I’m not one for decorations. Oh, you know what? We could do zoom backgrounds. We should totally do zoom backgrounds. We have a green screen.”

“That...” Dream says, “Is not a bad idea.”

“See, Dream? I’ve always been the genius.”

Dream rolls his eyes and chuckles, “I didn’t say you weren’t.”

They pay the fee and the waiting game begins again.

A big hoodie finds itself in George’s hands while they organize laundry in the living room. It’s red and a little more intensely designed than his other merchandise. On the front is Dream’s blob persona sleeping soundly in a bed. He puts it in comparison to his body—the sleeves stretch way past his hands. It takes all of him not to bury his head into its fresh warmth despite being hot almost at a constant.

“For the last time, George, that tweet you were planning? Isn’t funny,” Dream looks up from sorting their socks.

George reverts back to his bratty self, “Okay—listen, that XL part was a joke, but this is your actual hoodie. C’mon. It’s a *little* funny.”

“I dunno... Is it?”

“*Please?*” George half-lies, “For... the audience.”

Dream quirks his brow at him for a moment, but rolls his eyes with a warning, “Go ahead.”

They finish gathering their clothes, George taking the hoodie back to his room and throwing the rest on his bed. He slips it on and feels the spacious fabric consume him as his mind makes an attempt in convincing him that he’s a comedic genius.

The hem slips to his mid-thigh and his fingers struggle to remain functional in the wave of red. He throws his arms over his face and he lets himself drown in a desert of guilt backwards on his bed. A flash of gluttony blinks in his eyes as he lifts his phone above his chest. The white button dims and brightens again, capturing a picture at the simple press of a thumb.

He brings the phone closer—it’s got the folds, the seams, the strings—all in the extravagantly wrong places, the opening for the head just below his collarbone. Only his chin and fingers are showing. Smugly, he uploads it, and waits for chaos.

A reply from Dream relatively quickly: *hgnrkdk*

George’s expression contorts confusion. His timeline is spammed with the same irrational combination of letters, presumably out of mockery.

The next reply: *sorry, I dropped my phone on my face.*

George holds back a giggle, leaning his face into sweater paws and allowing a certain, happy hopelessness to sink into his arms.

Dream's hand is hot in his, soothing, yet simmering like sand. George slips his photo identification, passport, social security card, and I-94 forward on the town clerk's desk.

"And, you've both read the handbook on marriage?" She says, reviewing their display of paper.

"Yes," they both lie.

"Alright," she pulls out a very expensive contract, "I'll need you to sign these."

Warmth slips away from his knuckles and his fingers curl from loneliness. Dream hands him the pen a second later, and he spells out his name next.

"You people are awfully young to get married," she hums lightheartedly, "Especially in foreign marriages."

"Well..." Dream starts awkwardly, "Love is love."

What a dumbass.

George shuffles on his mattress, though careful not to disturb Patches' gracious visit at one of the corners. Tiredness waves over his eyes like waves lapping on a shore as he thumbs through his TikTok page, despite being in the bare middle of the day, still. One particularly catches his eye—its caption goes as follows: "When your 6'3" 200 pound boyfriend falls asleep on you and you know you're not moving for the rest of the night."

Likewise, he gets an idea. He saves the video and sends it to Dream.

Hey we should try this lol, he types plainly, hiding his greed, *For the stans.*

The knocking of Patches' tail on the soft sheets keeps his mind busy while he waits for a response.

It dots forward, *How are you gonna make me fall asleep on you?*

We can fake it. isk.

"isk," Dream mocks.

George takes personal offense, arrogance taking over his speech, *Shut uo. Im sleeou*

Your keyboard doesn't like you.

This feels dangerous. Hesitation settles in his fingers.

You're a *keyboard*, he flings back.

What does that even mean?

Something ignites in him, *You're my type .*

His own response stares back at him, white text surrounded by a lovely blue. He refreshes, and

refreshes again. Not even a typing indicator flails at the bottom of the screen.

Dream? Dreaaaaamm.

His door opens, a *mreow* coming from Patches as she wakes up. Dream creaks in with an awkward air.

“My phone died,” he states.

“Your phone *died* ?? With your charger literally right next to you? You woke her up, what is wrong with you?”

“Oh—you were here the whole time?” Dream ignores him, scritching the cat’s ears, “You abandoned me.”

“Guess you have no choice now. Come here,” George hesitates, “I’ll pay you.”

The bed dips under at least two hundred pounds of weight, the feline nearly slipping off the edge before catching herself with her own claws.

“You don’t have to do that.”

Dream’s arms swarm his senses and sandy hair brushes his cheeks. It’s so warm. So so warm.

It crushes him.

He forces himself to lift his phone as they tumble on the bed, making sure the camera doesn’t capture any part of Dream’s face. He presses the red button for an extended amount of time, avoiding the mirrored gaze reflected upon him. He releases his finger from the screen and types in the caption.

“Oh, what song should I pick?” George asks.

“Please don’t do Little Dark Age again,” Dream says, just as George is about to press Little Dark Age again.

“Okay, okay,” George relents, then gasps, “Oh my God, let’s do the speedrunning music, I wanna do the speedrunning music.”

“You’re so stupid.”

“It’s so funny. It’s actually so funny. It’s here, they have it. They have the Trance Music for Racing Game by Bobby Cole. TikTok is actually so PogChamp.”

Nothing can stop the malicious grin from gnawing at his face. Dream turns his head to see the video and George indulges into the way warmth digs into his neck.

“You’re so dumb. You’re speedrunning... cuddling with me?” Dream mumbles.

Cuddling... George holds his breath, uploading the video, “I—yeah.”

“Oh. Okay.”

Dream buries his face further into his skin. It crushes him. It really, really crushes him.

“*Dream* —you’re such a... dog,” his enthusiasm almost falters.

Dream laughs— *thank God* —a low mumble droning from his chest, “What was that?”

A plain answer, their playfulness falling from its peak, “Nothing. Get off me.”

George rubs his tongue along his teeth, finding his thirst increasing. The fridge is relievingly cool, both the smooth surface and the waterfall of air that crashes into his skin. It’s a nice reminder of England. He pulls out a jug of apple juice and sets it on the counter, saying a reluctant parting from the machine’s chill, and opens a cabinet.

Reckless, but well-intentioned footsteps run from the stairs further disturb the rather mundane kitchen. It reminds George how similar Dream is to his in-game movement.

With an impish grin, he reaches for a random cup, and pushes it further in the space—just out of his complete reach. The glass brushes his fingertips and drags across the wood as he leans forward on his toes, losing it. His mind calculates each sound, each vibration tapping the floor.

“You’re so short,” Dream finally establishes his presence, “You... need help.”

“Was that a question?”

“Maybe.”

This is not working out as thoroughly as George intended it to be, but of course, like many compulsive liars, he is excellent at improv. He puts on his whiny voice.

“.... Can you get this cup for me?”

Dream gives him a passive expression, “Just drink from the jug.”

“Dreeaaaaamm.”

He gives in, “Okay, okay—which one, this one?”

Unforgiving fervor envelops George’s famine when Dream leans over him, absentmindedly gliding a hand on his hip. No wonder Sapnap said that he was taller than he expected—that’s what it *feels* like. George tries his best to stay unfazed by it in the midst of accepting the moment of truth.

“I’ve never seen you use this cup,” Dream admires the glass.

George sweats a little, “I like the shape.”

Dream gives him an odd look, shrugging as he passes the cup over, “Whatever you say.”

Once he goes back to his room, George finds he’s lost his appetite for apple juice entirely. He is going to crash at one point.

Sapnap has been streaming for two hours. George lazes on his chair watching him speedrun with his Twitch cup full of water, coding project to the side.

“Yeah, I know right?” Sapnap answers a donation, “George and Dream have been having sex with out me. That is so rude.”

“*Sapnap* , stop it. Please.”

“Okay, fine, fine. Be that way—Oh, pearls! That’s like a... one in a 7.5 trillion chance—”

George starts cackling. Soft clicks register through Sapnap’s microphone as he leans back and hazily listens. Sounds of snorts and lava and Endermen. Then, a horrendous scream, a crushing amount of fall damage.

“I’m pretty sure you just broke everybody’s ears.”

“You’re worse—you *know* you’re so much worse when it comes to screaming, don’t come to *me* about breaking people’s ears, Gogy.”

George scoffs, “Quit calling me that.”

“Ugh, okay,” Sapnap sighs, “That was my fortieth run probably. Let’s... hold on. One last thing before I end, I was thinking—if you and Dream ever do a cam stream together, you should do it like this.”

A picture slides up on the stream: Two people warmly entangled in opposite directions while gaming on separate PCs. George snorts.

“You’re actually stupid. I can’t play like that.”

“Awww, c’mon. I know you’d do one eventually,” teases Sapnap, ““Kay, I’m gonna grab food and take a nap. Bye guys!!! I’m gonna raid.. uh...hm—who’s on? Punz. Okay, seeya!”

The screen goes blank, but the image remains static in George’s head, something easier understood by searching “gamer couple hugging/cuddling.” Oh, how his heart tugs just a slight bit.

Sapnap leaves the call with a yawn and a nonsensical “I’m sleeping with your mom,” very likely passing out later without even getting food. George takes another sip of his apple juice. His hands are clammy.

A purr from his phone, from Dream. This is ridiculous. They’re in the same house.

Do you want to do anything tonight? I got bored parkouring.

He leans back on his chair eagerly, kicking his legs up, *You*.

You’re so stupid, Dream’s elusive smile flashes in his head; he wants to see it, *Seriously, what do you want to do?*

George’s dry feet pitter plainly on the ground, towel flung around his shoulder. Dream sits on a stair with a hand on the rail looking up from his phone, wet chest hair trailing his body and average build glowing under the pool’s light. The warm concrete is a nice compliment to the relatively temperate night, along with the fact that he is only in a swimsuit. The pool spreads across the ground, its floor a delicate and smooth cyan covering. George dips a foot in.

“Just jump in,” Dream says.

“It’s like, a little cold. I don’t know if you know that,” George says sarcastically. He sits at an edge, swinging his legs in an adamant decision, “I think I’ll stay here.”

Soft ripples reverberate on the surface of the water, echoing back as they hit the other sides of the pool.

“Hold on, I gotta get something,” Dream says.

George pouts, “You’re leaving me?”

Soft splashes pity the ground. Before he knows it, Dream stands behind him with a darkening expression.

“Dream—”

Palms force themselves on his back. The cool flash consumes him whole and bubbles are quick to flee from his lungs. They have disrupted the calmness of their water.

“Dream!” George sputters, finally reaching the surface, “What is wrong with you?!”

“I wanted you to come with me. Into the water.”

“You’re so annoying,” he spits gently.

He hears Dream step in with him as he tries to blink the sting out of his eyes. Fingers caress his forehead, brushing the hair out of his face. He wants to sink down again.

Dream’s heart is a lyre and George can’t seem to play its sweet song of secrets.

The former wades away and transfers the responsibility of his legs to the water, just so the surface hides his cheeky grin, but not enough to hide glee in the way his skin crinkles at the corner of his eyes.

He pops up again, asking, “Hot tub?” before settling back under.

George’s eyebrow quirks fondly, shyly, “Sure.”

The glistening sky whispers past them; brightness blinks down on their lovely oasis. They crawl over the barrier to the heated water and Dream turns on the bubble setting. A crowd of foam starts to float atop the surface, blurring the light in a hazy ghost of steam and filtering through the palm trees above.

“Ask me anything. You should do one,” Dream decides spontaneously.

George settles next to him, “Really?”

“Both of us, maybe.”

He plays with his fingers, mind droning without too much thought, because quite frankly, he had seen this coming, “Yeah. We could do that.”

Dream picks up his phone from the towel and wipes his hands dry before pressing his fingers onto the screen— *AMA with George :)* , and takes a picture of the busy water, a careful note to include part of George in it. Not even a second later, it’s filled with hundreds of replies.

George leans next to him, seeing what options they have. Not to feel his skin, of course. That would be a ridiculous assumption.

I literally feel so bad for Sapnap. Is he going to see you guys at all? One user sends.

Dream chuckles and George throws his head back in a laugh, typing, *He’ll be my best man.* -
Dream

The next question, *When's the wedding?*

“Shit,” Dream says.

“I... wouldn't mind it being streamed,” George says dangerously, “It's a good option. Now that we think about it.”

Where the hell did that come from?

Dream gives him an incredulous look, “Are you crazy?”

“Aren't *you* ?” George shoots back. He's been very quick with his responses lately.

“I guess so, but...I mean, are you sure?”

George averts his eyes, “Like I said. I decided I didn't mind.”

Dream prods further, careful around his words, “Any reason why?”

A sigh, a risky inhale, “...You know when you said you wanted to be close to me?”

The bubbles fade away, breathless and gentle, “Yes.”

George hesitantly eases his hand on Dream's knee, stares at him with a softness he's never let out, leans in a little closer, murmurs quieter this time. It's his chance—arid acid runs down his throat. Something tells him that he's about to tear himself apart.

“I'm the same.”

Chapter End Notes

im so sorry. im still keeping you guys on your toes. you'll get it next chapter i promise.

i will take good care of you

Chapter Summary

confession

song - i will

Chapter Notes

HOOOOO okay i poured my heart out on this one. its been sitting in my docs for a week or so, now and i've been rereading it and polishing it up until this point.

also heads up its dream pov. for the rest of the chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy laughs in the background with a familiar rambunctiousness at the chittering going on.

“—xcuse me?” Quackity says, appalled.

“Yeah. That’s why your head’s so big, ‘cause your brain’s so big,” Awesamdude reasons.

“It wasn’t big.”

“...oh it was massive —it was—what are you talking about?”

Dream bites his lip, already worn out by smiling so much. He hesitantly presses E as his Minecraft character sneaks on a crafting table. George sits directly in front of him, staring with big goggles. He moves his mouse up to his persona, who bobs its head unsettlingly at his intentions. With a playful huff, he hovers over his netherite leggings and clicks them off. George shuffles on the ender chest.

Everyone comes walking in. Tommy goes on to actually use both the ender chest and the crafting table before completely realizing that they’re there.

“Holy—”

Dream snaps out of the daze. It all happens so fast—he puts his leggings back on and unsneaks.

“Ugh, you’re just like Wilbur,” Quackity says.

“I thought that was why we call you ‘Big Q,’” the rest of the conversation carries, but Tommy is still absolutely in silent shock.

Quackity snaps, “No! Who told you that?”

Dream drowns out everything and flees. George stands lonely and Tommy stares after him in their

moment of caught panic.

Uh oh. Oh nononono—

“Are you two—you two are flirting,” Tommy points his crosshairs at each of them, “You are, aren’t you?”

Dream fights back, “Fifteen-K!”

They all start laughing.

“AAHAaaa... he’s so irrelevant,” George pokes.

“Oh my God,” Quackity comments.

Tommy is having none of it, further knifing the sleeping tiger, “Hey, Dream, would you ever date George?”

George cackles nervously. Dream’s mouth goes quicker than his mind.

“Well, it depends, does he have more than 15k Twitch viewers?” He says, knowing full well George reaches way more than 15k Twitch viewers regularly.

“Yeah?” Tommy says.

“Yeah, I do,” George muses.

Dream chuckles—a pit settles in his chest, yet he responds lightheartedly anyway, “Ehehe... Okay.”

The call falls silent save for their few awkward laughs that... die, quite frankly. Tommy decides to leave it for another day and goes through his chests.

“I would never date George,” he finishes off.

“I’m the same,” the words echo.

“Then... why—you,” Dream starts over, his world flips, “Is there a reason you... shied away when I...?”

“I... yes,” George whispers, the sound of remorse spilling over to his ears, “I didn’t know where to put my hands. I didn’t know... I didn’t know you or.. or me for that matter. I... I messed up.”

“That hurt,” Dream responds, crumbling, “It hurt to think that you didn’t know me.”

A shiver of pain, “I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” a shiver of relief.

Their oasis is barren, maybe to start anew. When George slides his hand up Dream’s leg and apparently has the courage to look him in the eye, his lashes are delicate, filled with a certain, blank softness. Dream feels like he is falling over and over and over again.

“We wanted you here,” he offers.

“We wanted me here,” George says, “At what cost?”

Dream looks around, a practical answer only in mind, “A lot.”

George lowers his eyes, saying nothing, but suppressing an embarrassed grin.

“Sorry,” Dream speaks up.

“We should... kiss. As... practice for our wedding, right?” George suggests, ignoring the previous sentiment, “Your family... might want a picture. Or something.”

He blinks, “Oh, yeah. Of.. course. I—... are we about to kiss right now?”

George laughs breathlessly without meaning to, then settles, turns his gaze away. Dream can tell he’s biting his tongue by the way he sucks in a shaky breath, absolutely vulnerable.

“If you’d let me.”

Dream ignores the millions of questions on his phone and on his mind. He feels George’s hand on his cheek, coarse in the way his finger pads have started to prune already, and gentle in the way they want to hold—they were *made* to hold. Nails slide up to his ear, against his hair. The inherent coolness of his skin makes Dream tilt his head towards it.

The kiss is rightfully awkward, but rightfully warm. Dream grimaces at the stubble grazing his chin. Their lips are sloppy from water and the smell of chlorine flows as a mediator between their unbridled, but dull, ache. He feels safely exhausted.

They don’t know when to part, so it starts with George pulling away first and opening his eyes, leaving Dream’s breath to be harsh and clueless. He lets himself become as fragile as ever. Shudders crawl up his arms as George trails his other hand up his hip and he’s looking up to him with heedful and sweet eyes.

“Again?” The words barely register.

Abandoning patience, Dream goes in for it himself. He embraces the scritchiness of George’s five o’clock shadow and the faint unevenness of his skin. The way his breath smells saccharine and frightfully hot. Dream grabs his face, slightly tugging on his cheeks in the mere surge of neediness. A gasp from George devours him whole, plays fetch with his affections.

Again. Again, again, again. More.

Anything.

The constructed analyses of George’s enigma are shattered, the drawl of Dream’s name on his lips dripping like syrup. Steam swishes between and below their eyes; his fingers are still drifting through George’s hair. An absence of breath tells Dream he should start taking in some air for a change, and he eases his face away. The pool’s light glowers from beneath them, ominous in demeanor.

He stares back at his phone— *Soon* , he answers, turning to ask, “Do you want to do one?”

George dries his fingers without a word, takes it from his hands, and scrolls through, “‘First kiss story?’ That’s quite... topical. Should I lie?”

He bites back a ‘ *no* ,’ “Your choice.”

George huffs, smiling, tacking at the keys.

Caution flares through his ribs, “You’re sure you’re alright with this?”

The response George gives pins him against a wall, crushing him, suffocating him, “Why would I not be? Are *you* ?”

All their interactions, memories, are an anvil on his shoulders—platonic or romantic. It seems like they’ve done this thousands of times, but no matter what, nothing will ever get them just as close as this. He’s afraid. He doesn’t know why.

“It feels—When you—” he swallows, pressing his fingers into the corners of his eyes, “I don’t know. Is this...? I thought you’d find it a bit jarring. It isn’t our usual... behavior, don’t you think?”

“No. I don’t think it’s unusual,” George says softly, to the point where the drip of water is deafening, “Not if it’s you.”

Leaves rustle around them, perhaps to ease their tension in sympathy. Their oasis muddles into a calm mess like a graceful fall into an impossible depth. To nothingness. To everything.

Dream’s breath hitches, exhales hesitation, “I can work with that.”

George’s eyes lighten a bit, scrunching his face in a sickening fondness and tilting his head, “And so, what about you?”

“What?”

“Are you okay? With this? With us?”

It’s quite a bit a shock to him—he usually handles George’s emotions like he does Patches. He’s not accustomed to it being done to him.

“I...” The words are lost on his tongue, searching and searing the corners of his mouth, “I want to be.”

George smiles, “You want to be?”

“...Yes,” he says breathlessly, sinking his face closer, “I want to be close to you.”

George sets the phone aside, a sharp clack sounding on the concrete. It crushes him, “You’d let thousands of people watch you kiss me? Millions?”

The water becomes sickly and unbearably lukewarm, the sense of chill crawling on his shoulders from the midnight air. A flow of longing overpowers him. It turns him into distorted mush.

“Whatever it takes to have you here.”

George’s expression is blissful, “I can work with that.”

A terrain of wariness lies before them, as if stepping would expose your feet to hot sand. He pulls his legs towards him. The smooth covering compliments his rough feet, pacifying his irrational uncertainty for the time being.

“Do you think you’d regret it?” He asks.

“I don’t know,” disgrace falls from George’s lips, “I don’t know. I would never dream—ehehe—of it. There’s no plan for... *this*. Well—maybe something was bound to happen, I don’t know.”

With no plan, nothing can go wrong.

“That is true.”

"I think it'd be a memory I'd be fond of, at least," George giggles—a confusing yet relaxing signal, “We’re—How did that vine go? The two guys in a hot tub.”

Dream pushes him and rolls his eyes; time loosens, “Where *are* you, 2016?”

“Oh, God—not a good era.”

“You were pretty,” he runs his fingers through his own hair in the flustered midst of remembering George’s years in university, “Handsome. Pretty handsome.”

“Am I not pretty handsome now?”

Dream shies away awkwardly, “I didn’t say *that* .”

“Sounded like it.”

He shies closer, “Do you want me to compliment you, then?”

“No,” George brushes it away, then, “....Yes.”

Dream releases the hold of his knees close to his chest. Thunder shoots through his palms like a Greek epoch, rippling the oasis as he turns his body wholly and holy to George.

Failed sarcasm laces his snide giggle, “I don’t think I could’ve married anybody else.”

“That’s how it works, you idiot.”

He mellows to a smile, stare lowering to George’s lips, “I like.... your eyes, even though they don’t work sometimes—” George scoffs “—they’re deep,” his hands find themselves on tender skin, “your eyebrows,” his thumb drags across them, particularly on the scar, and George blinks his lids closed in a sweet bliss, “they’re... nice. They fit your face. You’re like... an Enderman.”

“An Enderman?”

“I want to stare right into them,” Dream blinks slowly, “Even if it... might hurt me.”

“Is that all you have to say?” George muses, “What else about me?”

“You’re good at math,” he starts, “You’re our genius.”

The smile melts into a giggle. He remembers the times when George would speak in equations leaving no room for comprehension.

Fingers lace below sharp jaws, “Your mannerisms,” he traces George’s lips, pecks the corner of his mouth, “the way you... cover your face when you blush. It’s cute,” another kiss on the other side, “I like when you stretch—it reminds me of a cat,” a kiss on one eyelid, “the way you sit with your feet up, the headphone dent in your hair: I find those endearing,” yet again a kiss on the other, “And... I’d always make fun of your height because,” he whispers against George’s forehead, presses his mouth to it, “I could do that. Easy,” he lowers his head so that they press against each other’s, “What about me?”

George steals a breath with a grin full of shame, “When you were...” he clears his throat out of

chagrin, “unavailable those times before we started streaming together, back in the fall. And the winter, I guess. I’d get jealous.”

Dream plucks at the lyre’s strings, a single note ringing out to ripple in an urgent quiet, “Jealous?”

“So, so jealous,” George keeps on falling, sighing, “When you offered to fly me over and I was hit with the idea that I would’ve had to live with you and someone else, I hated going at all. I’d... I felt bad for being happy when you were single again... even though I knew you’d hang out with me for hours anyway. And I’d resent Sapnap for being able to see your face sometimes,” he rubs a thumb on Dream’s palm, freezing him, “You were such a tease about it. All I had was your voice and your Minecraft skin. And I... I was okay with that, or at least, I tried to be.”

Dream’s heart opens, forlorn and light, “These aren’t compliments,” he says plainly.

“No. They’re close, though,” George tries, “Aren’t they?”

Dream hums questionably, but tenderly. Curiosity bites at the tip of his tongue. He takes a knife and stabs, “Tell me more.”

George’s voice becomes unbearably ragged, so much so that hearing it is painful, “I’d get nervous coming here, because I knew I’d be afraid of getting attached to you, it hurt. You joked about me staying with you forever, and some part of me wanted it, too, and at the time, I thought I’d just be happy settled like that. I guess... I just couldn’t take it. Once I got here, I knew—I tried to stop myself from getting greedy. It didn’t work out. Especially with you being touchy and all. I wanted more. I was greedy.”

“That’s okay,” A sharp eagerness shoots through him as he consumes George’s confessions; sands of guilt fills his lungs, “Sorry for the trouble.”

He is thankful that George at least tries to soothe his intrusiveness, “It’s not your fault.”

“I remember at one point,” he admits, “Sometimes it was—For—well...I hated not having your attention on me.”

“That’s a little possessive,” George comments jokingly; Dream rolls his eyes.

“I was used to having you 24/7,” this is the second time he’s told this story now, “I remember you were on Discord, and not TeamSpeak for a few days. Talking to Karl or Quackity or whoever. I couldn’t just call you up like I usually did. It was for three days, I remember exactly.”

George’s gaze mellows to one of pity, Dream’s turning into one of wistfulness.

He bites his lip, “I couldn’t sleep those nights. I was bitter. And when you’d do things for the bit, I guess—the things we did as... jokes or whatever between us—I... I found myself getting... I dunno. I don’t know. I played with the idea of them being genuine. Sometimes.”

George swallows, allowing the silence to thicken, “...Sorry for the trouble.”

An even thicker silence, “....It’s not your fault.”

“That’s nice to hear,” George leans into the concrete. Dream finds himself being pulled closer with mesmerizing eyes, “You know when you said you’d say the same if it was Sapnap not in the TeamSpeak? You’d complain if he wasn’t there, too?”

“...Yeah?”

The knife turns against him, George answers: “I almost wished it was a white lie.”

He wades further, alligator-like, “Were you away on purpose?”

“No—I...” George’s voice cracks, lightning-like, “Sort of.”

“Why?”

“I wanted you. And I was conflicted. And... I didn’t know how to name it. Why else?”

“I don’t know. It was just... I just missed you. I find it ironic,” Dream sighs, laughing, “Because I was on Tommy’s stream a while after you were gone”— *gone?* — “those days. He joked about you cheating on me.”

George huffs.

“I said that wouldn’t be possible. Because you’re my friend. I said—what’d I say?—it was something like, ‘Oh, he has other friends? I wouldn’t be mad about that,’” he averts his eyes, “I couldn’t stop thinking about you that day. Everything—any idea I had I somehow connected to you.”

“Wow, you’re clingy.”

“You’re just as clingy.”

George laughs faintly, “Says the one who stayed up hours for my Love or Host. And you were like ‘Shut up, George is—... George is mine.’”

Dream’s eyebrows lift in question, “Would you do the same for me?”

“Not out loud.”

He remembers sitting on his chair, water bottle for when he talked so much. He’d be on the call nearly all day analyzing each interview, making sure they’d be just right. Comparing himself to them.

“I wished I could’ve been one of the contestants, but that would be no fun, would it?” Dream purrs, “I’d win.”

“I kept thinking about it,” George answers simply, “Even if it was a joke,” his voice turns smaller, “That I could be yours.”

The confession throws him around, nibbles at his ears, hisses sweetly and merges into his pores. He remembers hearing George’s accidental “*my Dream*” in a flurry of jumbled thoughts, thinking it was funny.

It was not funny. The stars above Polus would have agreed, and he wouldn’t know to thank them or resent them if they were to speak the truth.

“I’m—maybe I don’t know the word for it, or maybe the word doesn’t even exist,” George says, “But... someone said that we were like the limbo between best friends and lovers. It really got to me. And I tried to ignore it.”

Dream’s eyes lighten, both in shock and familiarity, “I think I know what you’re talking about.”

“It didn’t work. Ignoring it, I mean,” George takes in a sigh and leans back, “But I thought about

kissing you before. I just—..." he trails off in a bit of a surprise for himself.

Dream leans forward and begs the path to continue, licks his lips and cares a hand on the other's knee, "Keep going."

"I let it slip out," George explains, "I remember typing 'vcx' on accident because a finger scuffed it up. I was asking you if we could voice call during a roleplay on the SMP, and I thought—I panicked because people could interpret the 'x' as a kiss and I said it wasn't. Even though it was so, so unnecessary, I said it. I saw people nitpick it, but... I didn't feel like saying anything. Because they were right: I thought about kissing you then."

His breath becomes even more fragile—it loosens in the way gravel falls: raw and rough, unlike its usual sand, "And... and when someone donated that I had to kiss you if we won that MCC in November or whatever. I... I said 'only in game,' the same thing happened. Some part of me hoped it was normal. Like something impulsive, or something everybody did. And maybe they do, but... now it doesn't feel like it. Kissing you felt like a real possibility to me."

Dream reminisces alongside their current night sky—the four of them stood on the stage below congratulatory fireworks.

"I'm... surprised about how open you are," fatigued, speculative ambition settles into his throat, "You're usually secretive."

"I wanted to feel cathartic today."

He tries his best not to chase two hares at once, "That's an interesting way to put it."

"Thanks, I guess."

Dream hums, "Anything else?"

"You really want to know?"

He hesitates, the scales of a monster peeking over the surface, "I do," he murmurs.

"You first."

A wave of an impossible appetite laces the hibernation of his overdue ache. The waters are cold at first, tapping at his goosebumps, but it doesn't freeze him over completely. He tries for it.

"I...well—you know that—I felt bad for making jokes about you being gay. It was—I knew it was out of line of me. That one time I said when you didn't like saying 'I love you,' because you didn't want to be outed. And... the iPad, too, I guess. Sometimes I thought about what if that were true."

"You were mean for that."

"Why didn't you stop me?"

"Because—well, I didn't realize it completely, but it turned out to be true—not the gay part—just the fact that it was you. People would've clipped it and I'd have to see it over and over again. And that actually happened and it was—it was whatever... and I thought about it more than I should have. I hated you for it. Just a little. But I didn't want to chase after you."

Dream revisits the stream they had a long, long time ago. It flows and breaks like ice—It started as a little donation message: the hour-some argument they had over the teeter of scams and honesty,

pictures and phrases. He feels his heart drop at the thought—he knew George tried his best to laugh it off. It was silly. The whole thing was silly.

“A little?” he asks.

“I would’ve been a hypocrite, though,” George digresses, “I did the same thing to you.”

He tenses, delving ravenously. A desert pyramid is full of treasure and TNT and his foot barely traces the pressure plate. It seems now that his heart is the lyre being played.

A mirage: “How so?”

“Well, not exactly the same but... You said ‘I love you’ in a TeamSpeak once,” George continues, stretching out his fist, “And... you told the story about me soundboarding it. It was funny—”

“It wasn’t.”

“—until I played it to myself alone. *I* said ‘I love you’ in a TeamSpeak once. And I liked it. A lot. But no one believed you because people knew I don’t do that—or, well, they *thought* I didn’t do that. I just... convinced myself this was a normal thing. It’s our normal. I didn’t know what else to do.”

“That’s okay,” Dream says, “I’m not so different.”

“Really?”

“Your laugh is... enough. I hear it in my head all the time.”

“So is yours,” George offers, “It’s intoxicating.”

“Well... that’s *one* compliment.”

“Do you want another?”

Like a dog, “Yes.”

“When you ramble,” George leans in closer, presses a slow kiss in, as if they had done this a hundred times, and that is almost enough a compliment, “I could listen to it. I wouldn’t know a thing you’re talking about, but I would listen to it. Your hugs... they’re nice. I began to want hugs because of you, or maybe yours are the only ones I can stand, now that I’ve had them. I don’t know what your obsession with the word ‘punishment’ is but...”

George giggles, trailing a finger down Dream’s Adam’s apple, and it’s like blisters scattering down where it follows.

“I like it.”

Dream remembers a stream—a Jackbox one, to be specific: an offside temptation that he went through with. George had kept answering *DNF* for all his answers, and the general crowd could tell one that it became unfunny despite vehement protest. He had told George he needed punishment for it, and received a response suspiciously late—it was right there on the stream. George went to type into his keyboard, but paused, let out a confused and unsettled laugh, realizing, and hissed in a giggle all the same. An ill-fated “*Dream? Excuse me?*” trickled from his mouth. Dream had said it was the truth, bypassing all the other interpretations that they could’ve flirted with. George had taken a real long time to answer that Quiplash question.

The feeling of leaving that stream early is familiar to Dream's fingers.

"Do you?" he prods.

"...Yes."

"I like it, too," a sly smile spreads across his face as he leans his head on his hand, playing with the mirage, falling for it, "You'd be my Discord kitten."

George sputters, "Stop that. You don't even like Discord that much."

"If you use it, then I do."

"Well, then... you're my... TeamSpeak puppy."

"Oh, God— *no* ."

"Serves you right."

"It looks like," Dream starts, "you'd need a punishment."

"Stop that—seriously," George flings his hands to his face, not knowing when to laugh or grimace, "You're—you're hurting me."

Dream falters, flinching slightly at the splash he made, "Sorry," A beat, "You tend to say that a lot."

"You tend to get on my nerves a lot."

"That isn't the same as hurting you."

George peaks from under his fingers, "Is it?"

Dream's breath hitches, "Sorry."

"No need to be," George relents, dropping his arms back into the water, "I was just joking. I'm—I'm the one that should say sorry. I don't even know my own boundaries. You're the one that tends to set them for me, and I let you."

The alligator's teeth tug at Dream's veins, playing them like a puppet master, "Is that why...?"

"Maybe. When..." George clears his throat, "When you had your hands over mine, I didn't know I would break like that. When you whispered over my ear, I was already gone by then. I was surprised... and then I wanted more. I wanted more—that was why I was doing all those couple trends—and it felt like I was using you."

"I'd thought so."

"You didn't say anything?"

"I didn't need to. I didn't want to."

George hums, unamusement mingling with bashfulness. Dream clicks his fingernails. Recollections of their pre-meeting apprehension sits like an unforgiving trench between the two of them. One could say it is the natural result of not being able to see each other in person.

It reminds him of their fake vlog—dogs on the street and recording cameras and idle docks and months-long failed procrastination; phones and dirt paths; George’s more prominent accent while talking to British strangers in the midst of switching vernaculars.

“It would’ve been nice to be with you in England,” Dream comments on that thought, “I hope Wilbur didn’t feel left out because of us.”

“Oh... that,” George responds, “He was certainly tall and the pizza was good. I hated editing it, though.”

“Oh, I know.”

“It would remind me that you weren’t actually there. I kept opening the file up and... I just couldn’t do it. I made a lame excuse to you.”

Dream remembers that conversation. Months would pass and the videos wouldn’t be as near to being touched. Wilbur was probably—no, most certainly—disappointed.

“Well—I mean, it doesn’t seem all that different going from online to IRL.”

George’s tone turns inquisitive as he re-adjusts in the water, frightening the ripples, “Is that how you really feel?”

“It was—That’s what it felt like meeting Sapnap,” a beat, “Is—Did you think something different when he visited me?”

George turns quiet. Something ticks, resolved in a simple, “I’m hungry.”

“What?” Dream says, pulling back. Concern rises like bile in his throat. Fuck—did he ask the wrong question?

“Do you remember when,” George says, “you said you’ve never had good sushi?”

After a baited silence, “No,” he says, but still knows sushi is George’s favorite, and knows in fact that he himself is not fond of sushi *yet*, “You seem to have a good memory.”

“I’m the genius after all,” George continues, “May we order some?”

“We...” he falters, not pressing further, “We can. Yeah. I’m pretty sure there are at least some restaurants in Orlando.”

“Good. I haven’t been in a hot tub for this long before.”

Dream hums, nods, though not really sure what to affirm, and stands up from the water. Wariness drips from his fingers as he grasps at a towel and throws it around his shoulder, feeling its coarse fabric meddle in the wrinkles of his skin. Wiping down his hands, he picks up his phone, ready to order a DoorDash or UberEats. The words from their last question glow back at him.

Just had mine :) - George.

He wants it to be true.

ok! no more posting for about a week bc i'll be working on the rest i will let you guys gloss it over and grieve.

and yes, some of the confessions did happen, and most of not all of them were twisted to fit my narrative, so take it with a grain of salt. 'my dream' happened. 'vcx' happened. the 'i love you' in the teamspeak?? dream tweeted about it, and george soundboarding the 'i love you'?? discussed in a discord sleepover. its all painfully real. 'punishment'... Happened. if you dm me on twitter i will show you the clip.

please please PLEASE tell me your thoughts on this chapter. i want to know how much it hurt.

i glow pink in the night in my room

Chapter Summary

settlement

song - pink in the night

Chapter Notes

this chapter was not completely beta'd

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George adjusts his headphones, tuning into the next donation. He leans back in his chair.

"Would you ever consider moving to America, and if so, what state would you want to move to?"
he reads, taking a moment for it to process, "Uhh..—"

A laugh from Dream interrupts his thinking completely. George knows that cocky attitude anywhere.

What?" He laughs with him.

Florida," Dream answers, "Eh, maybe Texas, I don't know 100%."

Well, I do want to go to America at least," George continues answering, "Like, whether or not I want to live there permanently, I definitely want to go, but I can't go right now."

Water rivers through the house. The corner of Dream's bed dips under his weight, his hair still damp from the shower as he stares at his phone. They've ordered a set of sushi—salmon, tuna, whatever they are—and a set of California rolls, as George suggested. Dream doesn't think he knows any other kinds other than that, honestly.

Just had mine :) - George.

He notes the emote—it is not his usual bracket smile. This, Dream deduces, must be a lie, or some restrained response, or—or.... or what?

The grumble of the water ceases to a dreaded hiss, and a silence. The doorbell rings and sends a jolt up his spine. Each step to the stairs tingles the nerves to his feet as if they were asleep. Maybe they are. He can't tell.

He greets the temperate air and a driver waving back from their car. Watching the lights disappear down the road, he picks up the brown paper bag at his feet. The door clicks shut and Dream turns back to George fluffing out the last strands of moisture from his hair. It fringes over his forehead, covering his widow's peak and accentuating the wonderfully entrancing eyelashes that he may or

may not deserve. His skin is rosy slightly from the shower's warmth. Dream imagines the chances he can make George feel the same warmth with his own body and his own body alone.

There is nothing in the world that could possibly stop him from being a model. (Well, aside from his very concerningly unkempt cuticles.)

"Dream?" George wraps the small towel around his neck, making him scramble back to reality.

He clenches his fist and feels the handle dig into the joints of his hand, "Yeah," he holds the bag up, "Just in time."

They head to the kitchen to unpack their styrofoam boxes of salad with Japanese dressing and tupperwares of miso soup and other plastic utensils onto the granite counter, sitting on the sides of a corner just so their dominant hands don't clash. The tray of sushi lays out before them in a delicious collection, paired with wasabi and pickled ginger. George snaps apart his wooden, disposable chopsticks. He chooses tuna first, dipping it in soy sauce, and biting. Dream, on the other hand, remains lost, holding a single chopstick in each and fumbling with organizing them in one.

"You don't know how to use chopsticks?" George catches.

They fall through Dream's fingers, horrendously breaking apart a clump of rice, "I guess not."

George giggles—this'll probably end up being another thing he makes fun of him for.

"You want me to teach you?"

Dream plays with the thought, lets it settle in his cheeks. He sets the sticks awkwardly on a napkin, "You can try."

George brushes his fingers over the palm of Dream's thumb, quirking a snide, but fond eyebrow, "Really?"

Like a dog, "Yes."

And just as expected, his hand isn't his for the time being. His knuckles rub against the creases of a hand, curling all of his digits over, and suddenly a tundra runs over his nerves.

"Stay still, idiot."

Dream doesn't say a word, letting George puppet with his grip. A single chopstick slips between his thumb and rests between both his index and middle—just like how most of the instructions would say to hold a pencil, if Dream actually held a pencil like that.

"There you go," George stills the chopstick gently, "Just like that. Keep it there for me, okay?"

Dream swallows, trying his best not to disappoint, and rasps out a "yeah."

"Good," George soothes, slipping the other chopstick in the same crook of the thumb, instead making it so that the other end rests on his ring finger as support. The cold metal of George's blue and black band touches his wrist. Dream flicks a glance at his own other hand—no ring. He turns back guiltily.

"Here," George says, "Try moving them."

Dream slowly shifts his extremities, though he ends up making a fist and a stick nearly falls out of

his grasp.

“No, not all of them.”

“Oh, oops. Well, then... specify!”

George readjusts, soft nails running over veins and slight callouses smooth over rough joints. Shoulders chafe and George’s expression turns concentrated. After attempting a second time, his poor coordination still fails to make a piece of nigiri comply. Dream grunts and sticks the utensils straight into the flesh as if they were forks. He holds it up to George’s face with a smile.

“Fish pickaxe.”

Fondness oozes from George’s laugh like molasses, “You’re so stupid. Didn’t your mum tell you not to play with your food?”

He takes the mutilated sushi from Dream’s ill-fated doing with his bare hands and holds it delicately, moving to lean on the table with his elbow. Dream’s eyebrows furrow, then raise as he feels the sushi against his lips, cool fingers around his jaw.

“How about this?”

He remembers now. It was their earliest streams—the first one? Or maybe the second. Regardless, he hadn’t taken a liking to sushi then, and George had said he’d have to go to one of the authentic restaurants instead of getting store bought. Dream had said they could go together once they met up.

Benihana, he notes, is the label on their receipt. He thinks he’ll plan to keep eating from there. His eyes wander back to George’s, the freshness of the seafood filling his nose.

“How do I know you won’t shove it in my mouth?” He grits through his teeth.

George snorts, tilts his head in preparation for a snide comment, “I could think of better things to shove in your mouth.”

At that, he coughs, George reeling back and nearly dropping the shaped rice.

“What is—” Dream chuckles, “What is wrong with you!?”

“Just—just eat it already.”

Dream settles, letting George press the fish to his mouth, but still refusing to bite it.

George sighs, filled with endearment, “You’re making this so hard on purpose, aren’t you?”

Dream hums, entertained. George tilts his eyebrows affectionately.

“Trust.”

His lips part a little, the single word opening him whole, and whether that is a conscious decision or not is a mystery to him.

“I promise it won’t taste bad,” George teases.

He acquiesces. The blades of his teeth slowly cut through the tender, yet almost metallic, raw. It’s like magic.

Perhaps it would've been better with soy sauce, but he does not complain. His tongue feels the soft flesh smooth through the indentations, the sharp corners of his molars. Thank goodness it's salmon—any other type of fish would've been more difficult to slice clean.

He wonders if George's mouth would feel the same, if he tried.

He starts chewing and swallows the grains of rice mixed with muscle. It is sweet in a way.

"Do you like it?" George dips it in soy sauce and eats the rest.

"Yes. Yeah," Dream clicks his tongue, lazily moving his body towards the counter, "Feed me another one?"

"Since when were you a baby?" George says, then relents as he picks up another one, the yellowtail meat (as George identifies) a very light pink with waves of red, "Of course."

Dream's demeanor is akin to a purring cat, "I'm your baby?"

George lets the soy sauce drip into the cracks of rice, twirling it as to not get it on his hands, before lifting it up, "Eat," he says, and Dream complies.

The sauce definitely helps out with the lack of salt. It's a little buttery, sometimes straight up even oily. It has some tang to it. George grins a little more than usual, shoulders shaking with a laugh that he fails to hide.

Dream gives him an odd look, words muffled, "What?"

"You're like Remy."

"Remy?"

"From Ratatouille."

He finishes eating his sushi, a rather loving aftertaste on the inside of his cheeks, "Stop that."

"Ehehee... no," George handles a third, tuna, and does the same process, fingers lacing the bottom side of his chin, "Bite it this time. I want some."

Dream accepts, canines incising into the red fish meat—it's lean, refreshing, much less fatty than the other two. The texture is a little rougher this time, a little lighter, less fishier, flows less easily than the other two, if that makes sense. George pulls the other half back to eat it.

"This type of tuna is called *akami*," George says between chewing, "It's not my favorite, but it's common."

"What *is* your favorite, then?"

"I like salmon best. It's classic, but I like it. I like how soft it is—it's like butter. Eel is nice, too."

Dream prods further, "Which one is that?"

George chooses one that is wrapped in a band of seaweed, crusted with an amber, somewhat bronze-like glaze and lightly dusted with toasted sesame seeds, "This one. They're already cooked and seasoned a little bit, so, no need to worry about food poisoning or something."

"That's too bad. I would've thought your favorite was me."

George scoffs, “Why?”

“Ehehehaha....” Dream laughs lazily, dragging out his response liquid smooth:

“You like it raw.”

George slaps his hand over his mouth and shatters, “Dr— *Dream* —stop,” he stutters between giggles, “How—Where did you even get that? You are so, so weird, Dream—what is *wrong* with you?!”

“It was payback,” Dream gloats, “I’m a genius, George.”

George puts down the eel nigiri and takes a glass, “Of course, you are. You’re just rubbing it in my face.”

“Ohh, I could think of better things to rub in your face.”

A sputter and a few coughs. George wipes the failed water from his chin, “ *Dream* , oh my God, *stop* . That’s cheating.”

“How is it cheating?”

“That was literally—you took that from my one.”

“Okay,” Dream chuckles, “Okay, I’ll stop, I’ll stop.”

“Promise?”

Dream rolls his eyes, “I promise.”

A beat passes. He dares to ripple the surface again, “I make you that flustered?”

George finishes swallowing a sip. The glass sets down with a hard clunk, “...Yes.”

He chases, “Do you like it?”

“*No* ?” George brushes it away. Well, it is rather a door slammed shut. He lowers his eyes, then, “...Yes. You would hope so, wouldn’t you?”

A wonderful monsoon drowns him, “I do.”

“You’re good at it. Well, you suck, but they work somehow,” George plucks the eel sushi from the tray and hugs it to Dream’s lips, “Tell me if you like this one.”

Dream holds George’s wrist still as he chews. It’s slightly flaky, somewhat like puff pastry. It has some crunch to it, along with the toasted sesame seeds. A slight sweetness melts in his mouth, accompanied by a barbeque-like tang of what he presumes is from a grill and a soy sauce marinade. He swallows.

“I like it,” he kisses the tips of George’s digits, bites them playfully, “but I think your fingers would taste better.”

“You are an animal,” George jerks back and cleans off on his shirt, “I think your salad needs tending to.”

Dream huffs, sliding a styrofoam box towards himself. It’s filled with iceberg lettuce and red onion

and cucumber and carrots with a packet of Japanese dressing on the side. Its orange, sweet and sour tang finds itself to be the exact middle ground between creamy, chunky, and runny. The smell is strong for his taste, but the crunch of the vegetables mellows it out.

He watches George take a California roll and dip it into sauce, tapping it on the side of the container so as to not overflow it with flavor.

The memory comes to him—the picture of George biting in a piece in a selfie chain in front of his greenscreen. It wasn't a California roll, rather, it was only filled with cucumber, or at least that's how much Dream remembers. He was looking into the camera with dark eyes, a single stroke of highlight in its depth and an expanse of all the planes of his rosy skin, his sharp, almost perfectly isosceles jaw. His stubble was very prominent.

He wonders if George would let him shave it. He doesn't think so. He would hate to mess up such a pretty face with accidental cuts.

(And bruising kisses.)

Most would've said he looked like a serial killer, and Dream wouldn't blame them, but he instead found there to be an intense concentration of longing. Perhaps serial killers toys with the mere concept, as well.

George wasted no time confessing, anyway.

George holds up a roll to Dream's mouth once again, "This is the last one I'm feeding you."

Dream chomps on it sweetly, feeling the cucumber crunch against soft rice.

His eyes widen: an explosion of heat rises up his nose and he coughs, tears threatening to bite away at the bottom of his lids. Surprise grabs his face and mashes it to the ground. He shoots his hand up to cough out the food his tongue has rejected.

George's laugh rings saccharine and evil in his ears.

"George—" a hack, "George—what *was* that?"

He hums, "What, Dream? You don't like it?"

"No?" Dream shoots back, "Did you—how much wasabi did you put in that?"

"Just a clump," he chitters.

"Just?"

George furrows his eyebrows in condescension, "You can't eat that much wasabi?"

"Of course not?" He splatters the mush on his plate and wipes down his hands.

George bounces to a prideful grin, though it isn't any less arrogant. He nabs at an impossible chunk of wasabi with his chopsticks and eats it raw. Dream stares at him until he scrunches his face pitifully and sniffs with a restrained and obvious regret.

"Oh—" a cough— "*fuck*."

Dream huffs, "What did you think was going to happen?"

"I... I lasted," George rasps out.

"Yeah, right."

"I've lost my appetite," George sighs, "At least I got you back."

"Got me back for what?"

"Nothing," George stills, softens, only blinking once, and slowly, "Well, for.... flirting with me as I eat."

Dream lets his own appetite fade away, gliding his hand over the table. He rubs his calloused thumb over George's knuckle. He steps further into the pyramid, tall pillars glowering down on him.

"Did I ask the wrong question?"

"What?"

"When I said," he rasps, "That going from online to IRL—it was the same as meeting Sapnap, meeting you. Was that wrong?"

George looks at him tiredly, curls his fingers, looks away, "I've lost my appetite."

"What does that mean?"

George sighs. He forces down his utensils gently.

"Dream, I pour out my heart right in front of you," he croaks, "And you say nothing has changed when we met? It's unfazed you? *You* haven't changed?" He hisses in hurt, "I certainly have."

Dream backs away and falls, gravel crashing into him, suffocating him, crushing him, "I—no. No, George, no. It's nothing like that. We were—I thought—I meant we were like this the entire time."

"Like what?"

"Like... *us* . We're just like this," Dream reasons, "Naturally. I don't know."

"What is us to you?" George asks gently, "It's not nothing?"

"The limbo between best friends and lovers," he softens, "Well, I think it's more of a combination. We'll just... continue as is."

"And it's real?" George tests reluctantly, "It's not nothing?"

"It is. It's real. To me, it's real. Even if... even if it were nothing, I'd want nothing." A beat. "I'd want nothing," he repeats.

"That... That makes me feel a little better."

He feels it—the unchecked manner in which George wanted Dream all to himself.

"I didn't show you how to play Minecraft right the last time," Dream offers, "Can I try again?"

George steals a breath full of careful curiosity, "... What did you have in mind?"

Dream enters his own room, basked in darkness full of grace. Not bothering on the lights, he quiets himself on his chair—open, inviting. George follows him, sitting on his crossed legs with folded ones, and hesitates his hands on the keyboard and the mouse. Dream watches the way the green glows delicately on the creases of his skin.

Minecraft blinks to life. Its familiar buttons and familiar sound effects soothe his ears. A white square surrounded in green expands above the preface of dirt's texture with an increasing percentage—they jolt upon a world unravelling right below their feet.

It's a desert.

Dream slides his hands delicately to George's wrists, breathing in and leaning his cheek sweetly against his hair. It smells like nothing.

And he said he would want nothing, if that were the case.

George's fingers begin to struggle getting used to the keys, and Dream grazes his nails over his knuckles in an attempt to help. A shiver rewards his attempts.

"Lava pool," Dream coaxes, "We can keep going and come back to it later."

"I know, I know."

One would think, in a situation that begs communication, they would be in an unbearable back-and-forth, but instead lonely clicking relieves them of what would be a ravenous silence. A messy synchronization.

Dream begins to nip playfully at George's ear, "There's a savannah over there."

"I see that, Dream."

He kisses the very corner of his jawline, earning a held breath. He takes it upon himself to hold it for him, "You sure?"

A whimper, "Yes."

Dream giggles, pressing another.

"*Dream*—" His giggle falters, "We're cutting this out"

"Cutting what out?"

George quiets. How much are they conditioned to believe their affections are performative?

"We're not recording, George," he teases further, almost forgetting that is true, as well.

"Oh—that's...r..right. We aren't."

"Do you want me to?" Dream nudges.

A whisper, "No."

Stars surge between Dream's joints, "You know, I poured out my heart in front of you, too."

"I recall."

The trees get closer, their ugly, dark tangerine wood paired with desaturated lime. Sheep call indiscriminately.

“Sorry for the fuss,” George finally says.

“No, I understand.”

“What do you decide to call us?”

“We will be husbands very soon,” Dream points out, adding, “Spouses.”

“Under the law, yes,” a log turns into a crafting table, “I feel like there’s something different. There’s something more. More than a husband.”

The stars twinkle, “I do, too.”

“And what is that?”

“I don’t know yet,” he moves his index from to E to R to 4, “Do you think it’ll change?”

“I like it like this.”

He hums, “I do, too.”

“See? Married couple already.”

He chuckles. Thousands of moments bickering pass through him, teases from close and distant friends about how they act around each other. Comments and comments about how they made everyone feel single. The moment where he *did* call themselves a married couple for a flicker of time. In a video. The raining lava one, specifically.

They dig straight down. Tools. Axe. Pickaxe. It’s all they need, for now.

“You are very patient, Dream.”

Dream scrunches his eyebrows, “Thank you...?”

“Is that a question?”

“No,” Dream half-denies, “Maybe.”

George laughs breathlessly.

“You always have trouble getting golems,” Dream comments, “Why’s that?”

“I don’t know—they find ways to get me anywhere,” George says, “Maybe—...ahahahehe... I like to have big arms throw me around.”

Heat crashes into Dream’s face, “You’re so dumb.”

“Do you like when I flirt with *you* ?” George asks.

Cacti seem to stare at them. They flick around for dead bushes to break for sticks. Dream is especially careful not to let them fall into the sand.

“I’m not opposed to the idea,” he offers.

“Good,” George grins, “I’m good at pick-up lines.”

“Oh, I know you are, George.”

“Which ones have you liked?”

A desert pyramid. His fingers grow increasingly fidgety. The coolness of George’s skin calms them down.

He thinks, drawling lazily while he tries to remind his brain of... many things, “The one where... you said I was allergic to you. And... you said it was because I got all red whenever I’m near you. I... like the one you said about being crazy, because you couldn’t see red flags—what’s with you and pick-up lines that involve red?”

George giggles, “I dunno. Sapnap said it was the fastest he saw me think.”

“Really?”

“He’d taunt me. He’d say it was because I thought of you while I came up with them.”

Dream swallows. They hop down to collect the pyramid’s treasures, “Was he right?”

“I used to ask myself that all the time,” George steals a breath, “Maybe,” a beat, “Maybe *he* was jealous. Even though he lived in the same house as you. He’d tease me about you all the time. He’d...” he laughs, “he’d say I was a little bitch whenever you were here with me.”

“I remember,” Dream cringes playfully, takes his hand away and tilts George’s chin towards his face, “Well, he’s not gonna like this.”

It’s incandescent: the glow of the monitors on their tired skin and eyelashes brushing cheeks and the caress of lips against lips.

George jerks away and it leaves Dream lost and clueless.

It’s incandescent: the creeper hissing as it takes fall damage and shimmers as brilliant sparks begin to crash all around the screen.

They sit there in a shock—death screen unblinking.

“Oops,” Dream says, “There goes that lesson.”

“Good thing we didn’t record it,” George jeers.

“You would have kept it. You would have uploaded it and made fun of me.”

“You know me so well, Dream. That’s why I’m marrying you.”

“Oh yeah,” he says half-sarcastically, “Not for the green card.”

“Stop that,” George nudges him skittishly, “Let’s just get it over with already. Sapnap’s been dying to punch you in the face for a second time.”

It’s eerily blissful: the two of them on the driveway and the priest announcing their relationship anew on the other side of the call, alongside their respective families and best friends. They’ve made it—extravagant suits in their greenscreen Minecraft world—flowers strewn around by

perhaps Tommy and Tubbo. Social media ablaze.

They say their “I do’s”, each grimacing at each other playfully as they kiss. The love on their ring fingers glimmer. However many months to ninety days to ten years, as promised. (Well, they’d have to renew it until George naturalizes).

Afterwards, they keep the marriage certificate safe, signed by an ordained minister. The I-485—Application to Register Permanent Residence or Adjust Status— and the I-693—Report of Medical Examination and Vaccination Record— *and* the I-864—Affidavit of Support— have been sitting, collecting dust, almost even rotting, in one of their computer storages. Physical forms aren’t accepted anymore.

“Oh my God, that was exhausting,” George says, uploading the files and texting his family for the millionth time.

Dream hangs on the bed, “It’s worth it, isn’t it?”

George rolls his eyes, “Every second.”

“You sound unenthusiastic when you say that.”

“Maybe because I’m exhausted.”

“Fair point. How about our honeymoon?” he bites gleefully.

George hums, allowing his own weight to dip the bed and also disorienting Dream’s balance—it earns him a scowl, “Another sushi date would be nice, but I don’t feel like trying to teach you how to use chopsticks again.”

“You could still hand feed me.”

“Gross.”

“Oh, come on. You liked it,” Dream says, “Tell me more about sushi.”

George kicks his chair away and stretches—much like a cat: “Well, there’s a lot more to sushi than the rolls. Sometimes restaurants do, like, special ones with unique combinations. Sometimes they have fish eggs. And the spicy mayo is good. And... there are these hand-roll things called *temaki* which are almost like cones. I haven’t had them before, though. There’s also tempura, which is really just fried stuff in a really runny batter. Uhhh... I wanna try surfer clam nigiri. And maybe mackerel—oh, and octopus.”

Dream smiles, pulling out his phone, “We could try making our own, if we have the chance.”

“I think you’d ruin the fish.”

“I mean—well—” he scratches his head, “You’d have to teach me that, too.”

“I don’t think I could ever trust you with a knife.”

“You trusted me with you.”

Words fail to escape George’s mouth as he clacks his teeth together in a begrudging, “...Fair point.”

“Well, let’s get something to eat in the meantime.”

“Mmm... get some fried rice, too.”

Dream swipes to order, affirming. It’s expensive, but he supposes he’ll treat them for just one more day, and all the days after that.

“So... what’s your favorite food, Dream?”

“Uhhh... I dunno. Pizza’s good. Steak’s good.”

“You are such an American.”

“You will be, too. Don’t even say that, actually—British food sucks. George, I’ve only ever seen you make scrambled eggs. And awful sausage and unseasoned... *everything* .”

“What—no we don’t. We uhhh... we have tikka masala.”

“That’s not even—that’s South Asian, George. You probably haven’t even had it before.”

“Okay, maybe you are right.”

The doorbell rings and Dream perks up like a dog.

“Oh, already?” he shifts and George follows suit, “That was fast.”

“Must be full-staffed today. Or something, “George says.”

They drift down the stairs to the living room. Another ring. Dream’s expression falters. He peers through the tiny window of the front door.

It’s very familiar to him—the darkish suit and the yellow stitches.

“This is the USCIS,” the officer says, “Please remain calm.”

He drops his phone.

“You are being investigated. Allow movement for your case.”

They weren’t careful enough.

Chapter End Notes

SORRYYY LOLOLOLOL LMFAO LMFAO UR DOGWATER UR BOXED LIKE A FISH UR ABSOLUTE DOG WATERRR

i'm going to hell

somebody kiss me, i'm goin' crazy

Chapter Summary

questioning

Chapter Notes

this chapter was not beta'd as well.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re joking,” George whispers hastily, shock rippling between the two of them after the door shuts closed, “What the hell do we do? How’d they find us?”

“I....” Dream swallows, “I don’t know.”

He slips away his mask, reviewing the stack of paper they’ve been given back and swiping a tired hand down his face.

“Prepare for interview questions.”

George’s thumb rubs the back of Dream’s hand on the bus some time in the following week. He’s not so used to buses and people—usually it would be home and cars, and if he tried for it, private jets. The United States Customs and Immigration Services building has never been more intimidating, windows spread with oppressive law. A ricochet of anxiety jostles them over as the vehicle creaks to a stop.

It’s cold, especially for late spring—even with their seemingly-professional long-sleeved clothing. The pavement is equally unforgiving to their feet. The facility towers over them, ominous in demeanor. The glass doors open and George lets go, its emptiness consuming him. What hurts more is that they separate into different rooms completely.

So much for “being gay and doing crime,” as RedVelvet or AntFrost would’ve said.

He greets a man sitting on his chair, fingers laced patiently, but stern on a mahogany surface full of their data. Dream’s fingernails dig into his palm. Naivety sinks into his heart as he falls silent on the chair, its scratchy fabric irritating his skin on his palms. He remembers committing truancy again.

The officer stares blankly at him, “Do you confirm that this is you and your spouse portrayed in these video documentations?”

They flit one by one on the tablet—past mutterings, speculations, declarations of love made in the fumble of denial—no, not denial: repression and naivety. Perhaps in the whole grand scheme of things, they are recent. To Dream, they are stretched proof. Anyone can tell they have been in love for a long, long time. They themselves were the only ones barred from ever seeing that fact.

His throat is dry, "...Yes."

"It seems that these video clips are very inconsistent with the timeline of your relationship. We would like you to explain that?"

"What do you mean 'inconsistent'? And how did you find these?"

"They're out in the open, Mr. Clay—anyone could have found them. It appears that you only merely considered being together for the past year, and that wouldn't make sense if you were to enter into a marriage," he says, "I hope you understand why we would think that suspicious."

He grits his teeth, "Those are not indicative to how we...really are, officer. I think you misjudge the context, and I certainly think you misjudge how affection is displayed."

"How so?"

"Sharing a relationship with an audience is not very wise. I don't think the relationship between me and George is any less valid if it is not stated so in public," he swallows, "If you looked at us in the entirety, how could you not say we are?"

The officer nods.

"And—Not only—I think," he starts to fumble, "You can't tell me that, for five years, George hasn't truly loved me—romantic or not. You can't tell me that."

"And who pays the bills?"

"Both of us. We make plenty of living."

"His birthdate?"

Without hesitation, "November 1st."

"Family? Siblings?"

Faltering, "Older sister. A mom and dad. They live in London."

"What are your favorite snacks?"

"I don't particularly have one..." He picks back up the pace, "But his are chocolate raisins."

"How was your wedding? What was it like?"

"In my—" he reels it back "—our driveway with a greenscreen."

"How many people attended?"

"It was streamed, so... I guess thousands. Maybe even a few hundred thousands. You can check the VOD."

The officer gives him an incredulous look, then settles, "What model of car do you own?"

"Uhh... we don't own a car."

"Tell me," the officer says, "what was your last argument about?"

Time freezes. He feels the scams they've planned all amess. He remembers the best plan is to have

none.

He skims the edge of truth, as they've run over and over again, "Our last argument was about... video games."

The officer gazes right into Dream's viscera. Dream says nothing, watching the officer untense his shoulders to leave the room, releasing an uneven breath he's been holding for a long, long time. He looks down on his hands and he is *shaking*. The walls shudder at the sheer volume of his anxiety.

The door clicks open again and Dream jerks up—a different officer, "I'm sorry to inform you, Mr. Clay, but your spouse has admitted."

He feels it: the secretive, playful charge behind George's thoughts dancing with the fictional, silly idea of building tunnels between their houses so that they wouldn't need to go outside to see each other.

"No," he denies. The world is crashing around him, "No, that's a lie. That isn't true."

Fuck. Did George actually give in to pressure?

He feels it the second time: the quiescent thunder behind */tp GeorgeNotFound Dream*.

Hot sand and red carpet brew in his mind, unsatisfied with cold diorite and oak altars. Mesas and pretty little cacti with pink flowers. Their oasis of palm trees. He wasn't careful enough. *Would George throw it all away like he himself once did?*

"Are you sure your love is real?"

And again: the quiet lightning he felt when calling George his partner upon reaching his milestone. *Partner*.

"It's real," he practiced over and over, "It's real to *me*."

Flashes of dug up digital sand echo through the chambers of his brain. He kept destroying that wedding during their first stream. Again and again did George try to copy and paste it back.

"Then why," the officer says, "do you seem so unsure?"

"I'm," he clears his throat, "I'm not unsure, officer. I know he loves me. You are not to judge how we do that. What you're telling me—that's a lie."

The officer's expression remains austere for a moment, then relaxes, "You're right. It is a lie."

It's like coming up from being buried, "...Why?"

"Just procedure."

His jaw tightens. Lesson learned: get an attorney to save you some grief. (Please.)

"You are dismissed," the man's voice rings peacefully, "You and your husband."

Dream's fingers tingle, eyes furrowing in concentrated—but controlled—hostility as he is escorted out of the room.

He feels it: the way George said they'd get married in 2021 on April Fools.

“You understand that using marriage as a way to bypass the immigration process is a criminal offence, yes? It’s a felony.”

George maintains composure, somehow. He remembers that conversation, “Yes, officer. I do.”

“We have to make sure of that before we approve of the I-130. You and your husband live together, is that correct?”

A permanent room... “Me and my husband do, yes. I wouldn’t stay at any other house.”

The officer hums, “What does his house look like?”

“Oh, it’s very expensive. Big, I mean. He has, like, granite countertops and giant windows. Marbled carpets—they look gray and blue to me. A lot of white paint, but not a lot of decorations, aside from the room with

“Any pets?”

“One cat. Her name is Patches.”

The officer hums, “Describe what she looks like.”

“Small tortoiseshell, I think—no, a tabby,” he tries to conjure up an image, “White fur on the paws and the chest. I’ve been told she looks very orange in the right lighting.”

The officer’s face scrunches, “You’ve been told?”

George hesitates comically, “I’m colorblind.”

“Ah,” the officer nods, “Favorite colors?”

He restrains himself from commenting on the question’s tad bit insensitivity, “....Mine’s blue. His is lime green.”

“Plan to have any kids?”

“Oh, goodness, no.”

“Tell me about your wedding.”

“Uhh.. we streamed it on Twitch in our driveway. The priest was nice.”

“What side of the bed do you sleep on?”

George raises his eyebrows at such a personal question, “I sleep in a separate room.”

“Why?”

He rubs his head, finding a quick solution, “I tend to sleeptalk.”

“Does he find it endearing?”

He stops to think, “Uhh...Depends on how sleepy he is.”

“When did you realize you loved him?”

The hand in his hair falters, “It was... very *very* gradual, you could say. I don’t think I can pinpoint

a certain time,” he laughs awkwardly.

“I see,” the officer turns to grab a tablet, “Please take a look at these videos, taken from multiple streams that feature you.”

George freezes even more, watching himself teeter on the edge of affection, speculate living together, up to the point of romance. He hears it: the secretive, soft voice Dream uses to address him, and him only, and he in return. It keeps going: the repeated tenderness whenever they mention living in Florida, or when they try to insult each other, only coming up with “idiot” or “annoying.”

Assured hands place themselves before him, affronting, targeting, “Explain to me why these were only a year ago. Were you not dating by then?”

George clears his throat, feeling his face tingle not with love but fear, “I don’t know about you, officer, but announcing your relationship for the entire world to pick at is not the best idea. So we... kept it quiet,” he strains, “joked about it sometimes.”

The officer clicks and offers a comment that George does not quite hear, but assumes is snide, “Any holidays you’ve celebrated?”

“Just Christmas, for now.”

He’s pushed further, “You plan on getting naturalized?”

“I’m leaning towards yes.”

The officer leans back and gleans a hand over their files, sliding one forward.

“We need you to sign below, and then you’ll be dismissed.”

George grabs the pen he is handed and reads the contract over: It turns out it’s a confession of resignation of the I-130, claiming fraud—the opposite of what they want. Normally, one would skim it over haphazardly, but he pulls his hand back.

“I don’t think I should sign this, officer.”

The officer crosses his arms, rising from the support of the desk, “You are dismissed.”

He perks up, confused, “What?”

“You may leave.”

Words fail to articulate the rest of his questions, “...That’s it?”

Another officer nudges him, and he follows suit. Cold lights and rubber-concrete brick walls bore down on their just barely escaped scam that so happens to bite back on them, its teeth missing their tails.

A wind of released repression finally falls in tandem with the worry on his face. Out in the lobby, he sees Dream fiddling with his fingers on a very lonesome chair. He’s met with relieved, exhausted eyes, and no words, as they get up and leave. Caring a hand on Dream’s back, he glances behind him at the cold lights.

Their front door shuts closed, and Dream immediately wraps a tight hold on George’s body. He tenses, then relaxes, accepting the warm embrace, burying his head into the crook of Dream’s shoulder. They teeter back and forth on the wood panels, alone. It’s just like they’ve met each other

for the first time again.

“George?” he murmurs.

Gently, holding hesitation by a mere string, “Yes?”

“Maybe we should’ve fallen in love like normal people.”

The humor of coping pats a laugh out of him, “I don’t think we could’ve done that.”

“Maybe,” gravel rumbles in the back of Dream’s throat, “Maybe that’s true.”

They continue teetering. Fingers slipping into fingers and thumbs rubbing the creases in palms. Nails run over delicately. Uncertainty frosts over the way George buries his head into Dream’s neck. It’s warm. It’s so warm.

“Tell me you love me?” rumbles from Dream’s chest.

He can’t remember the last time he’s heard that.

“I do it all the time,” he reasons.

“George?”

Gentler, “...Yes?”

“Was I your first kiss?”

He huffs, smiling, “You tell me if it was better than yours, first.”

“Of course. A million times, of course.”

He giggles, “Just a million times?”

“Just a million times if you don’t tell me.”

He sighs, kissing him one more time:

“Yes. Yes, it was.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the short one! but it is time to put this baby to sleep, my darling angel of a love story. thank you all so so much for reading! i was a little unsatisfied with this chapter, but i hope the happy ending makes up for it, albeit rushed.

i forgot to mention! the italicized clips at the beginning of every other chapter are indeed the ones they are shown back to them by the govt, hope that caught on! i thought it was clever of me and then realized i never addressed it.

bye now! i'm going to come up with more songfic ideas.

End Notes

this took me a loonng long time to research for, so i hope at least most of it is accurate... but Please DONT actually commit marriage fraud. i know how unrealistic it is because 1) it takes a long ass time for it to go through so i extended quarantine 2) they could never do this much planning(/lh) and 3) they wouldn't be able to fake it that good

[here's all the clips i used at the beginning of each chapter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!